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A MONTHLY JOURNAL OF THE FINE ARTS.

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## THE ART-UNION.



LONDON, MAY 15, 1841.

## THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

THE EXHIBITION—1841.

THE SEVENTY-THIRD.

The Exhibition of the year 1841—the seventy-third since the foundation of the Royal Academy—is calculated to give very general satisfaction; for although there are few pictures of commanding merit, there is ample evidence of improvement in a large proportion of the Exhibitors. The collection is to be viewed in reference to the absence of three leading British Artists—Wilkie, Callicott, and Landseer: and in forming an estimate of its relative value, we are bound to consider what it would have been if there were added to it about twenty pictures of the highest class. So tested, it will be, undoubtedly, characterized as an advance upon its predecessors.

As usual, some serious complaints have been urged against the "Hanging Committee;" this evil will inevitably arise—to give universal content being utterly out of the question. Making, however, all due allowance for difficulties that cannot fail to exist, we must admit that some artists have good right to enter an appeal against the decision of their judges. In the Miniature-Room, quite out of sight, there are seven or eight excellent works, by painters who do not begin their career to-day, but who have already achieved professional distinction; in the room for "Architecture" there are four or five of very considerable merit, by men not many degrees below the most celebrated members of the academy; and in the "Octagon Room" several of the most admirable pictures in the whole assemblage have been doomed to a close atmosphere, and a "dim, uncertain light." We can point out at least a dozen productions, to remove which we feel assured the Artists who produced them would sacrifice the full value of the time employed in their creation. While we perceive along "*the line*" many an example of mediocre painting, we find, on and near this post of honour, pictures which, whether meritorious or not, would have been sufficiently well seen in higher places—places now, by a strange contrariety of fortune, *error of judgment*, or shameful negligence, adjudicated to carefully-executed works of a higher character, and whose delicate finish and smaller parts indicate the necessity of a nearer view. Nothing can justify this; if they cannot be better placed let them be excluded. When a picture is ill-hung, the longer places upon it the daily bar of a *damning* criticism, far more injurious and depressing than any the pen can produce—the effect of which may pass speedily away, or be negatived by a kinder or sounder judgment. The remark especially applies to the Royal Academy—writers of the fate, for a season at least, of all up-rising men; and whose decision will be considered as final by thousands who know no better, or who distrust their own opinions.

We have, as in duty bound to do, given this troublesome, painful, and embarrassing subject our best attention; and sure we are, that the evil cannot be remedied until in an exhibition hall there are **NO BAD PLACES**; none, that is to say, where a picture cannot be fairly examined,

and its merits or demerits fully ascertained; so that neither undue eminence nor injurious depression can be given to any artist by the caprice, or biased feeling, or wrong judgment, of any tribunal. This can be done effectually only by providing rooms spacious enough to accommodate all applicants; or until this advantage is obtained, by placing such works alone as can be placed where they will benefit and not injure the producer. The object of the painter in exhibiting his work is that it may be *seen*: it is small recompense to him to perceive his name in the catalogue, and be honoured with a free ticket of admission; his hopes of a year—perhaps of a life—are blasted if his friends and the public are insidiously led to form the idea that he is held in small estimation by his brother artists—by those who are considered the best judges as to the rank he ought to hold. In every point of view, it is prejudicial, if it be not ruinous, to a painter to have his picture hung where it is stamped with the baleful mark of inferiority: be it ever so mediocre, the great mass of examiners will be sure to think it worse than it really is; and instead of the exhibition being to him a step forward, it is a thrust backward; he will have more difficulty than he previously had to make his way to public favour. Now, if we state the case fairly, this is a manifest injustice, gratuitously inflicted; for no association can be so circumstanced as to be compelled, against their better feelings, to do the injury. In no gallery, that at present exists, is there space to exhibit favourably *all* the works that are sent to be exhibited; but we submit, that it is far wiser and more generous to *exclude* those that can be only placed disadvantageously. But is not the real and practicable remedy sufficiently obvious? If a cotton-spinner's trade increases beyond the limits of his building, what does he do? He either enlarges his premises, or builds to an extent commensurate with his wants. We have not the remotest doubt, that if the Royal Academy will bestir themselves they may either obtain the whole of "the National Gallery"—for a season, or altogether—or obtain funds for erecting a structure worthy of the country, and of such a size as shall completely answer the purpose for which it will be intended. If the country will not do this for the Arts, the Artists themselves must—and *they can*! It should be remembered, that although the profession—like every other profession—has increased at least fourfold during the present century, the accommodation is very nearly what it was thirty years ago; for we much doubt whether the number of square feet allotted to artists in the National Gallery is greater than it was in old Somerset House. In this age there is no standing still; if we do not advance of our own accord we shall be driven onwards. We earnestly hope the Royal Academy will be more active than it has been, so as to think and act for an altered state of things. They have the confidence of the country; to a very large extent the confidence of the profession—and they deserve both; but it is impossible not to know that a time is at hand when they will be called upon to do more than they have hitherto done. Their means must be less circumscribed; but their prudence to avoid the movement must be less liable to suspicion.

For our own parts, we shall not cease to agitate upon this all-important matter—**THE ABSOLUTE NECESSITY FOR PROVIDING A SPACE SUFFICIENT TO EXHIBIT PROPERLY EVERY PICTURE THAT OUGHT TO BE EXHIBITED; AND THAT NO WORK SHALL BE HUNG WHERE THE HANGING OF IT IS INJURIOUS TO THE PAINTER.**

Let the members of the Royal Academy, or any portion of them, will that this shall be done, and it will be done as surely as that day will follow night.

The present exhibition consists of 1343 works, of which 126 are in sculpture. We shall notice them in the order in which they are placed; and, as we shall endeavour to comment upon many, our comments must be necessarily brief.

No. 1. 'Portrait of a Setter and Spaniels,' C. Hancock. We have here no drawback on the ground of imitation; the dogs are painted with a masterly hand, and are obviously true copies.

Nos. 2 and 3. 'The Biter Bit,' 'The Rencontre,' J. Bateman. These also are pictures of the dog; portraits relieved by a touch of fancy. They are unfortunately hung very high; and so close to No. 1 as to be prejudicial to both artists. With the name of the painter we are not familiar, but his work seems of a good order.

No. 6. 'St. Cecilia,' J. Hollins. A sweet and graceful composition, and finely coloured; but reminding one rather too forcibly that it is an actual portrait thrown into an attitude.

No. 7. 'Scene in a Polish Synagogue,' S. A. Hart, R. A. A picture of great merit, judiciously composed, coloured with much ability; and the heads—a series of apostolic studies—dignified and expressive, and yet peculiar to "the tribe."

No. 9. 'Castello d'Ischia, from the Mole,' C. Stanfield, R. A. A noble work, possessing the highest qualities of which the art is capable; skilful and judicious in arrangement, bold and brilliant in execution; with episodes introduced that add interest to a glorious scene. It is one of the finest productions of a master, who secures the supremacy of England in a most interesting and valuable department of the arts.

No. 16. 'Giorgione Studying from Nature,' A. Geddes, A.R.A. The artist's "nature" is a fair woman; but she is too indifferent to touch a more manly heart than that of the "petit maître" youth who "studies" her. They have not a single grain of soul to share between them. Pity the artist has not given better *expression* to the characters, for his picture is happily coloured; a fine rich tone pervades it, and it is a very pleasing composition.

No. 17. 'The Temptation of Andrew Marvell,' C. Landseer, A.R.A. A worthy subject, and worthily treated; it commemorates a striking incident in the life of one of the most remarkable men "that ever flourished in the tide of time"—the attempt, on the part of Charles II., to bribe Andrew Marvell, by sending a present through the hands of a courtier. It lessens somewhat the merit of the refusal to receive it, that it is given in the presence of two servitors of the briber, as well as the domestic of the patriot. Vraisemblance is therefore wanting. Lord Danby would hardly have proffered his gift so publicly, and Marvell, if he had longed for it ever so much, would not have so openly taken it. The work, however, has high merits. The figures are carefully drawn, and strongly characteristic; and the picture is boldly and yet delicately coloured.

No. 18. 'A Country Ale-house,' J. Bonington. A pleasant example of an artist who is always natural and true; and whose subjects are studied in the best school for a landscape painter—in the open air, among fragrant meadows.

No. 20. 'The First Thought of Love,' H. O'Neil. A very sweet composition; graceful and full of nature, and finished with all care; the tree that waves over the young maiden is, however, of too pale a green even for the early spring which it is meant to indicate, as an allegorical illustration of the story.

No. 22. 'The Pedler,' J. C. Horsley. Most elaborately wrought; the labour bestowed upon it being somewhat too apparent; it is, however, in all respects a most excellent picture: the composition is simple, and the characters are just such as one would encounter at a cottage door. The artist never slighted his work, or sends it out wanting a "few last touches;" his

fault is, indeed, the opposite—he seems not to think he can ever do enough to make his production perfect.

No. 24. 'Un de la Jeune France,' S. J. Rochard. We are generous enough to hope that all the births of July are not such small saplings as this very lack-a-daisical youth. If so, the present age will see no such sight as that their fathers saw at Austerlitz.

No. 29. 'The Stolen Child Recovered,' W. Allan, R.A. A work of high merit; a sombre tone of colour pervades it, in keeping with the subject. The story is well told, although, perhaps, there is somewhat of affectation—of studied attitude, at least—in the group by whom the stolen child is recovered. The gipsy thieves are full of true character; and the several minor accessories of the picture are well made out. We have, here, certainly no evidence of indifference about keeping the eminent position to which the artist has attained: the picture is in no degree slighted; on the contrary, it is finished with much care, thought, study, and labour.

No. 33. 'Irish Girl,' D. Maclise, R.A. A study from nature; with the rare truth of character, such as genius only can produce. The girl is occupied in "burning nuts" by a turf fire—a famous charm in Ireland, by which young maidens test the constancy of their lovers. Two nuts are burned together—representatives of the "he and she" of the trial: if they consume together, the issue is safe; if one starts off, woe be to the heart that puts the trust. This girl is obviously content with her prospect; we suggest to Mr. Maclise to paint a companion—a young maid, all alarm at discovering that her "batchelor" is faithless.

No. 35. 'Slave-market, Egypt—Sketch for a Picture,' W. Muller. A vigorous sketch; but why is it merely a sketch?

No. 38. 'Going to the Fair,' J. J. Chalon, R.A., elect. This picture does not call upon us to change our opinion as to the wisdom or justice of the artist's election into the Academy. Does it bear out the opinion that he is an "original genius?" and will "all his brethren" who examine it "know and esteem him as such?"

No. 45. 'Midsummer Night's Dream,' H. Howard, R.A. This is an attempt to embody one of the most beautiful of all the conceptions of Shakespeare—the Mermaid singing, when

"Certain stars shot madly from their spheres,  
To hear the sea maid's music."

And the "certain stars" are represented by two of as clumsily formed matrons as ever tramped a bye-road; if they chance to fall upon the singer, down will go the sea-maid, dolphin and all, to the very ocean depths.

No. 52. 'Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme,' C. R. Leslie, R.A. A rich example of character, full of point and humour, and admirably illustrative of the scene. It is in most respects a production of unapproachable excellence, in the class to which it belongs; that class, to be sure, is not the highest; and it is matter for regret that the painter does not deal with more elevated and wortier themes. Mr. Leslie's views of life are so shrewd, and his perception, and pourtraying, of character so strong, that he is borne safely through peculiarities of colour, that would seriously injure a lesser man. We cannot, however, avoid expressing a regret that this "one fault" appears verging towards an unpleasant extreme. Either all the usual theories of colouring are misplaced, or the arrangements of colour, and the agremens of chiaro-scuro are mere artistical *nugae* in the eyes of this accomplished artist.

No. 53. 'Ducal Palace, Dogano, with part of San Georgio, Venice,' J. M. W. Turner, R.A. A glorious example of colour, leaving, as usual, much to the fancy of the spectator; and absolutely extorting applause.

No. 61. 'Portrait of her Majesty,' J. Partridge.

A very agreeable copy of the gracious countenance of her Majesty; the expression is most pleasing, kindly, generous, and affectionate: she is pictured, indeed, without the trappings of her state; and has the look that more beseems the woman than the queen. It is, perhaps, too young and too girlish; and too free from that care which is inseparable from her position; but it is a picture which no one can examine without pleasure, or without a favourable augury for the future life of the sovereign; she seems happy, and eager to make others happy. The work is executed with great ability.

No. 64. 'The Miser,' Fleury. The dismal tone of colouring is in good keeping with the subject—a miser poring over his ill-gotten gains. It has been ably dealt with by an able artist.

No. 65. 'The Boy and many Friends,' T. Webster, A.R.A. One of the best works in the collection; carefully drawn, ably coloured, and excellent as a composition; it is full of humour, too; in no degree exaggerated; the expression of each member of the group is admirably true—calling forcibly to mind our school-days, and sending the heart back, half a century, to the joys and fears that have never since been half so real as they were in boyhood. Who is there that will not recall to memory the very duplicate of the artist's picture? Nay, the basket is our own—the cake and fruit taste of our own home, and these are our playmates eager for a share; we can name each one of them; the face of each is familiar to us; we marvel that we have been away from home so long. It is this faculty of giving reality to his pictures that constitutes the excellence of the painter—a rare faculty it is. We seldom see work of Mr. Webster's that we do not believe we could ourselves have described to him every point and character it contains. There is a wonderful "fitness" in all he does—he is, moreover, a master in the comparatively minor attributes of the artist. The play of line in the composition, the minute variations in expression, the gradation from the warm to the cool light, the transparency of the shadows, and the adaptation of the background, are all admirable, and indicate with what surety Mr. Webster's conceptions once formed are carried out.

No. 68. 'Portrait of his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury,' Sir M. A. Shee, P.R.A. A portrait of the best class; painted with vigour and delicacy; the head may be adduced as one of the most excellent examples of the art—so essentially English; few works superior to it have proceeded from the modern school.

No. 75. 'The Prophecy for Jerusalem,' C. L. Eastlake, R.A. We cannot find words to express our admiration of this work—as near perfection as was ever a production of genius. It is, beyond doubt, the gem of the collection; one that may stand without prejudice beside the most famous productions of the great old masters; and that will at once settle the question whether British artists may not surpass the best masters of the modern German-school, in grace of composition and accuracy of drawing, as far as they do certainly surpass them in vigour and brilliancy of colour. This picture is one for the nation to be proud of—one that will be invariably referred to in every discussion that may arise hereafter as to the rank which British Art is entitled to hold. It is impossible for us to exaggerate in any terms we may apply to it. It is the emanation of a mind nobly, gracefully, and beautifully constructed, the production of a pencil possessing a combination of the rarest powers; and finished with a deep and thorough knowledge of all the qualities of which the art is capable. If we class it immeasurably above any work—either of the painter or the poet—that our age has given birth to, as a lesson in practical wisdom, virtue, and beauty, we shall scarcely do justice to the genius that produced

it. Who is there that can look upon it without being wiser and better? Without feeling faith confirmed in that belief to impress which is the leading object of all teaching? It is a pious and moral lecture, far more impressive, effectual, and convincing than the best homily that ever came from uninspired lips; and will go a very long way to remove all doubts concerning the policy of instructing, in our churches, by the pencil of the artist. He must be a sceptic indeed who would question the beneficial influence of such an object. As a composition it is exquisite; the form and countenance of the Saviour are, in truth, divine; the subdued but poignant sorrow with which He looks down, from the mount, upon the devoted city, and pronounces the solemn, affectionate, and touching prophecy.

"O Jerusalem, Jerusalem! thou that killst the prophets, and stonest them that were sent unto thee: how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not! Behold, your house is left unto you desolate."

It is a very triumph of art in giving perfectly the character all would desire to conceive. Only inferior in deep interest are the expressions given to the surrounding apostles; the anxiety, and hope, and fear, and believing, that characterize each, as they watch the bearing of their Lord, and slowly and yet eagerly ask—"Tell us when shall these things be?" It is not alone the great point of the picture that tells upon the hearts of the spectators—it is full of illustrative allegories, that well deserve close scrutiny, when the grander object has been fully contemplated. The axe laid to the root of the tree is one of them; the sheep following the Shepherd, "for they know his voice," is another; the tender lamb, the stricken of the fold, another; the hen gathering her chickens under her wings, another. The subject is full, yet it is one of the simplest grandeur; and the execution is worthy of the conception. The broad masses of drapery skilfully contrast with the minuteness of expression in every one of the actors on the solemn scene, and the delicacy of finish displayed in the minor portions of the design. The colouring is admirably judicious, and the light and shade so well managed, that while the eye finds from it a delightful repose, the parts come out with a vigour far superior even to the former productions of Mr. Eastlake. The blue drapery around part of the principal figure is a fine specimen of "casting" and painting, and is carried into the deep central shadow with eminent skill. In a word, the work is **PERFECT**. It is worth a pilgrimage to examine it, and a fortune to possess it. There are few who would not gladly sacrifice the produce of years of labour to acquire so glorious, beautiful, and instructive a companion. It will dwell with our happiest memories for life.

No. 79. 'The Little Sick Scholar,' Mrs. M' Ian. A touching copy of one of the most touching episodes in the works of Mr. Dickens—the death of the little school-boy, his pillow watched over by his tender and loving master, and by one who was destined so soon to follow him—"poor Nelly." An author has rarely received greater justice from an artist; the very picture the one describes in words, has been displayed by the other, so as to bring it completely home to the hearts and understandings of all who have read it. In composition and arrangement there are few more successful performances in the exhibition; and it manifests so much knowledge of art and its capabilities, that it cannot fail to procure for the accomplished lady a very foremost rank in the profession—and that without demanding any courtesy on the ground of sex.

No. 82. 'Vienna,' G. Jones, R.A. A vigorously-finished picture of part of a noble city, introduced into which are a number of charac-

teristic figures; the subject carefully arranged, skilfully drawn, and admirably coloured.

No. 95. 'Fairlop Fair,' C. R. Leslie, R.A. As a collection of parts this picture is far better than it is as a whole; there is a sad want of harmony in the composition and colouring, and its spotty effect is very disagreeable to the eye. The lavish use of white is certainly not taught by nature. There are portions of the work worthy of the admirable painter; but it cannot be classed among his more successful productions.

No. 107. 'Enlarging the Park, Old Windsor,' J. Stark. A noble and beautiful example of landscape painting; worthy of a better place, for there are few works in the collection more true to nature, or more firmly and vigorously wrought.

No. 109. W. Mulready, R.A. Although in execution this picture is one of the highest merit, and will, perhaps, be considered a step in advance even for the artist, the subject is not agreeable, and certainly not easily intelligible. We supposed the scene to be laid in Italy; and the wayside beggars to be a trio of bandits, watching for their prey; and marvelled, therefore, why it was that the fair young maidens did not "make off" as rapidly as their delicate limbs could bear them—following the example of the little boy in their company, who, though he seems a stout lad, shrinks back with instinctive dread from contact with the rascal-looking fellows who are asking charity. The subject is unfortunately chosen; we venture to assert that not one person out of twenty who examine it, will comprehend that the painter designed to picture three weather-beaten Lascars making their "salam" to the gentle ladies who offer them relief. This error is greatly to be lamented, for the work is of the highest possible quality; a fine rich and true tone of colouring pervades it; the drawing is admirable; and one of the female figures is absolute grace and beauty—a more perfect form Mulready never painted. Leaving out of consideration the defect in the story—and what a sad defect it is!—there is seldom a finer picture to be met with; and we rejoice that such a bright addition is contributed to the stock that will form, we hope, some future day, the National Gallery of BRITISH ART. There is a gem-like appearance about Mr. Mulready's painting which none but a master of colouring can achieve; he has often produced it, but in most points this is his climax, and one rendered even more interesting to study, because a portion apparently unfinished, in brown, gives us a little insight into the artist's method of working. The landscape portion, so grand and true, unites excellently with the figures: how delightfully pencilled are the stumps of the trees! This picture serves as an ample indication—like that of Mr. Eastlake—that size has small influence on grandeur.

No. 110. 'The Daughters of J. E. Cooper, Esq., M.P.' F. R. Say. A finely painted group of a fair and promising family; very gracefully and carefully finished; and ranking with the best examples of the Art-portraiture in the gallery.

No. 116. 'Portrait of Sir Peter Laurie, Alderman,' Sir David Wilkie. An agreeable picture of a cheerful and pleasant countenance; with rather more of intellect than the world looks for in a city knight. It is a finely and vigorously painted portrait.

No. 121. 'The Sleeping Beauty,' D. Maclise, R.A. This work is "the observed of all observers," and it is worthy the reputation of the painter; possessing all the high qualities for which he is famous—*invention, imagination, the power of combining and arranging, and of afterwards giving actual being to his thoughts;* and it has more delicacy than is his wont. Still

there will be many who will prefer some of the bolder creations of his genius, where the action of the picture is a higher effort of the mind. It is absolutely wonderful what a variety of materials he has introduced into his subject. From the 'Beauty' sleeping on her curtained couch to the small goblet held in the hand of the unconscious waiting-maiden, each object is finished with the most consummate skill; the gorgeous array of the chamber positively glitters; it seems easy to count a thousand objects, every one of which is so elaborately wrought as to appear as if the painter had considered that to pourtray it was his exclusive purpose. The attitudes of the sleepers—"maids of honour, gentlemen-ushers, grooms of the bed-chamber, lords in waiting, waiting women, governesses, stewards, cooks, scullions, guards, porters, pages, and footmen"—are all perfectly natural, yet presented in infinite variety. It is triumphing, indeed, to achieve so signal a victory over an obstacle that would have been insurmountable in ordinary hands—the fact that all the persons introduced into the picture are motionless and lifeless except the Prince, who divides the curtains to look on the face of 'the Beauty,' and the group of seraphs who watch above her bed. "The tallest oaks are most exposed to the storm;" and thus Mr. Maclise escapes not, all-popular though he be, the objugations of critics; some of these are ridiculous or amusing, because, while there is a touch of truth in the criticism, there is sometimes a total overlooking of the real and transcendent qualities of genius. We must add our quantum of fault finding, but it will be evident that it is not in the *nil admirari* spirit. The character of the Prince we cannot like—he is by no means the daring adventurer who is to break the spell that has hung for a hundred years over the enchanted palace. There is an unpleasant confusion in the foreground, a want of massing of the parts, which, beautiful in themselves, tend to produce a straggling effect. The finest piece of painting we conceive to be the portion surrounding the old lady who is reading the illuminated book; the doves also are beautifully given, and the women's faces are full of loveliness, but we should almost say "facies omnibus una." The general aspect of the painting would not remind one of the "English School," so decidedly deficient is it in that beauty of tone and richness of colour which it might have received, without other alterations, at the hands of many of our painters. There is, however, no direct evidence of a want of the power to achieve this; on the contrary there are two or three parts of this picture that indicate the possession of the faculty, whilst the *whole* looks as if there were a carelessness about its exercise. In the lady with the Indian dress, by the same great artist, there is some most exquisite colouring; indeed, as a piece of powerful and facile handling united with a rich tone, it is one of the most favourable specimens of his powers of painting. Despite of hardness of manner, defect of colour, and a want of repose, Mr. Maclise always presents such a copious combination of the highest attributes of a painter that we hail with delight every fresh inspiration of his genius.

No. 136. 'The Repentant Prodigal's Return to his Father,' W. Etty, R.A. An admirable work, and full of touching character; with all the rare advantages of drawing and colour for which the artist is pre-eminent; but its effect is sadly marred by an unaccountable incident introduced in the back-ground—where the painter has represented a group of half nude damsels dancing. This is utterly out of keeping with the solemn and impressive character of the scene—the return of a dissipated youth to the sober home of his father; where, if the circumstance could have occurred, it would have been at least kept from the eye of the repentant prodigal. It threatens a relapse.

No. 151. 'Westward of Dieppe,' J. Wilson. A fine picture of the sea, with the materials that appertain to it. The artist, who attracts so much attention elsewhere, is seen to advantage even here where he has so many competitors.

No. 152. 'Response to the First Serenade,' T. M. Joy. A composition of much grace and elegance, coloured with very considerable ability.

No. 153. 'Repose,' W. F. Witherington, R.A. A picture of small value—with reference either to composition or execution; and placed, disadvantageously for it, just above Nos. 151 and 152, and still more to the prejudice of the painter, close to

No. 165. 'The Old Man's Blessing,' J. P. Knight, A.R.A. The intention of the artist is not sufficiently apparent; but here are qualities that deserve the highest commendation. He excels eminently as painter; but we are always looking for some re-edition of 'The Wreckers.' Is it that portraiture engages his time? His paintings are well hung, and attract attention; but there has lately been wanting that stirring interest which, when a man has once excited it in the public mind, must be appealed to again and again, or there is a chance of the present being slighted in the more agreeable remembrance of the past.

No. 166. 'Lear and Cordelia in Prison,' T. Uwins, R.A. The grandest and the most tender of all Shakspere's portraits, copied in a kindred spirit. The head of Lear is powerfully rendered; while that of Cordelia is "beautiful in death."

No. 172. 'Hebrew Exiles,' H. Howard, R.A. Of a far pleasanter and truer character than the work to which we have objected.

No. 174. 'Watching the Game,' A. Montague. A capital transcript of a common village scene, rendered picturesque and interesting by an artist, whose works are always of a valuable order.

No. 176. 'Roseneu, Seat of His Royal Highness Prince Albert, near Coburg,' J. M. W. Turner. An interesting scene—if one could make out its character; but German nature may be like German art, not designed to be intelligible to common-place mortals. This, and one or two others by the same hand in the collection, have been likened to a smeared palette—and in truth the simile is not far out. A time will come when one of Mr. Turner's earlier productions will be worth far more than its weight in gold; and when his more recent perpetrations, in spite of the marvellous power that will be seen through their absurdities, will be retained only as evidences of the whimsicality of genius—that, because it can work miracles, sets itself to form baubles. "Tis true, tis pity!"

No. 181. 'A Rocky Stream,' T. Creswick. One of the purest gems in the collection; as true a copy as art ever made of nature; boldly and vigorously painted; but with strength so happily mixed with delicacy, as to be a fine example of the artist's excellent style with a higher and more daring tone of colour.

No. 188. 'Portrait of his Royal Highness Prince Albert,' J. Partridge. This work is very inferior to its fair companion. We should have concluded that no artist can do little or nothing with the unpicturesque drapery of a Hussar's uniform, but that we recollect the picture of the Marquis of Londonderry, from the pencil of Sir Thomas Lawrence.

No. 195. 'The Peace Maker,' W. Collins, R.A. A delicious picture of an Italian scene and incident. An aged monk is making "peace" between a rugged-looking husband and his enduring wife; who with her children stand by the side of the good father. The group is gathered on a balcony that overlooks the Bay of Naples; and we dare swear the circumstance was wit-

nessed by the artist—there is an air of absolute reality about it. The work is finely composed and brilliantly coloured; still these borrowings from a "classic" land cannot make us forget the sweet lane scenes and peasant lads and lasses of England, in the portraiture of which Mr. Collins was so long—and may still be—without a rival.

No. 200. 'Portrait of a Gentleman in the Highland Costume of 1745,' J. Watson Gordon. Although he has received an air somewhat too *degagée*, this is an excellent portrait.

No. 205. 'The Castle Builder,' R. Redgrave. The old story, well told, of the village girl who "reckoned her chickens before they were hatched;" and in the midst of her day dream, forces her foot against her basket of eggs, and ruins the nucleus of a fortune that was to buy a carriage and a peerage.

No. 206. 'To Arms, ye Brave!' W. Etty, R.A. We cannot think this a fortunate example of the ability of Mr. Etty. Mars is represented as a most awkward hero, with a "squat" and ungainly figure; and "the fair," whom "the brave" is to "deserve," are but a degree more graceful specimens of the human form divine.

No. 207. 'Titania Sleeping,' R. Dadd. There is a volume of poetry in this beautiful work; the production of an accomplished mind, and the result of matured thought and study.

No. 216. 'The Farewell,' A. E. Chalon, R.A. It is impossible to admire this work—an attempt to produce a something with loftier purpose than merely elegant drawings; the composition is neither natural nor graceful; and the colouring is crude enough to be the production of a junior student in the academy. The young lady must be a giantess.

No. 237. 'England's Pride,' No. 419. 'England's Glory,' W. Kidd. Two capital pictures of old Chelsea pensioners, and old pensioners of Greenwich; full of admirable character, and with a fine rich tone of colour.

No. 242. 'Poor-law Guardians—Board Day—Application for Bread,' C. W. Cope. A fine lesson for legislators—an emphatic teacher of humanity. A bereaved widow and her orphans are beseeching charity from "the board;"—for that which was once a right, freely asked, and cordially given, is now a boon often accorded most grudgingly. The artist has certainly not refined upon his subject; one or two of the "donors" have sympathizing looks; but the majority manifest indifference, or a worse feeling—

"Can such things be?"

No. 252. 'A Rustic Scene,' F. W. Topham. A rude tent by the way side, in the midst of a rich English landscape: the production of a painter with whose name we are not familiar; it is, we trust, an earnest of better things to come.

No. 268. 'The Frown,' No. 271. 'The Joke,' T. Webster, A.R.A. Two of the most interesting and excellently painted works in the collection; perfect examples, indeed, in a class of art in which the painter has attained the highest eminence. Groups of young urchins are represented—in the one, in melancholy mood poring over unlearned tasks; having traced

"The day's disasters in the morning face" of the master, that looks a rod; in the other, laughing, with counterfeited glee,

"At all his jokes, for many a joke had he."

The effect is inimitable: there is a story in the countenance of each of the "apprehensive" rogues. 'The Fair' will be coveted by all who visit the Exhibition.

No. 270. 'Christ appearing to Mary Magdalene,' J. P. Knight, A.R.A. A work altogether beyond the capabilities of the artist; and one that will deteriorate his reputation.

No. 275. 'The Will of Mrs. Margaret Bertram,' T. Clater. A capital picture of one of

the most exciting incidents related in the novel of "Guy Mannering." The characters are developed with considerable ability; the artist having very accurately studied the conceptions of the great originator of them. It is painted, too, with manifest care; and the work is an exceedingly favourable example of the class to which it belongs—a class that will always find admirers and purchasers in England, because it can be fully comprehended by the mass.

No. 277. 'Depositing of John Bellini's three Pictures in La Chiesa Redentore, Venice,' J. M. W. Turner, R.A. A gorgeous picture; full of the highest and richest poetry.

No. 286. 'The Smugglers of the Pyrenees,' V. Dartiguenare. This, and No. 420, 'Lawrence's Death,' are, we understand, the productions of a French Artist. They are pictures of very high merit; composed in a fine spirit, and wrought with rare power. The tone of colour is such as some of our own artists (who are too lavish in the use of white) will do well to study. It would have been just, and certainly generous, to have placed them in better positions.

No. 287. 'Sir Roger de Coverley's Courtship,' R. Redgrave, A.R.A. A picture of great merit, although not entirely satisfactory. The arch and characteristic expression of the widow is capital—as she begins her "learned discourse concerning love and honour," and plays with the fish she has caught; but the expression of Sir Roger strikes us as too silly; "his silence and confusion" being rather overdrawn.

No. 291. 'The Bay of Naples on the 4th of June—various Groups returning from the Festa of St. Antonio,' T. Uwins, R.A. In all respects a picture of the very best class; touching in character, graceful in composition, and wrought with the knowledge and skill of a master. With all the grace of form and drapery and fine grouping that make the memory of Stothard sacred; and without the defects that not unfrequently deducted largely from that great painter's fame; while, as an example of pure and natural and forcible colouring, there are none to surpass it in the Exhibition. As a source from which the observer may derive enjoyment and instruction, there are few modern works that go beyond it.

No. 300. 'Highland Scenery,' F. R. Lee, R.A. A landscape of the grandest and noblest class; with qualities of as high a character as are displayed by the most famous of the Old Masters. It is, as it may well be, one of the leading objects of attraction in the Exhibition. The younger students will do wisely to consult it again and again, for it contains a volume of instruction.

No. 313. 'Hunt the Slipper, at Neighbour Flamborough's,' D. MacIise, R.A. A delicious work; one that may be gazed upon for an hour, and in which the observer may

"Still find something new,  
Something to praise, and something to admire." It is full of incident—one of the happiest points of it being the contrast to the pure village maidens, supplied by the brace of flaunting city ladies that enter at the door—Satan peering into Eden. The picture has all the characteristics for which Mr. MacIise is distinguished—fine drawing, force, and variety of expression; a general harmony, and perfect grace in arrangement.

No. 308. 'The Death of Demosthenes,' F. Sawyer. We are not familiar with the Artist's name; and his picture, although of the higher class, is placed too high to be fairly examined. There are so few historical works in the collection, that we think a worthier station might have been allotted to this; it seems to give good promise of future excellence.

No. 323. 'Portrait of Sir Henry Edwards, Bart.' P. Corbet. This also is a new name, and

one from which we augur much hereafter. The portrait is of a small size, and the subject is not a favourable one; but it is painted with exceeding care, and yet with much freedom.

No. 330. 'Mont St. Michael, from Avranches,' W. Fowler. A landscape of considerable merit, carefully painted; and taking the old and favourite subject in a very striking point of view.

No. 336. 'The Ruin of a Fort at Castel-a-Mare, Bay of Naples,' T. C. Hoffland. A work that should have received a better place; for it is worthy of the reputation of a good and true artist of the veritable English school.

No. 339. 'De Montfort,' C. Landseer, A.R.A. We cannot consider this one of Mr. Landseer's happiest productions. The figures seem as if they had been studied on the stage, where they had placed themselves in attitudes to be affected by the foot-lights.

No. 340. 'The Library at Holland House,' C. R. Leslie, R.A. There is no mistaking the portraits; although small in size they will be at once recognised. The picture, too, is skilfully arranged and elaborately finished.

No. 349. 'Lazzaroni, Naples,' W. Collins, R.A. Redolent of the lazy south; the very air seems indolent; and the group, sleeping or lounging, appear incapable of exertion—even the fellow who eats his maccaroni does so as if it were a labour to move. The character is admirably rendered, and the tone of the picture natural and true.

No. 350. 'Answering an Advertisement,' F. R. Stephanoff. A capital notion, pictured with much humour, yet by no means exaggerated. "A respectable female" is making application for the office "of housekeeper to a middle-aged gentleman, of serious and domestic habits."

No. 354. 'Pozzuoli, from Caligula's Bridge; the Island of Nerida in the distance, Bay of Baiae,' C. Stanfield, R.A. Another of Mr. Stanfield's noble landscapes—works that will be dates to after ages.

No. 368. 'Portrait of William Wordsworth,' H. W. Pickersgill, R.A. A fine portrait and a striking likeness of the purest and best of all our British Poets. He is growing aged now, but his eloquent features are here preserved in good time; the picture is one to which his successors will be content to make a pilgrimage.

No. 379. 'Female Bathers Surprised by a Swan,' W. Etty, R.A. A most perfect example in a style of art in which excellence is of very rare attainment; the form is after a faultless model—improved, doubtless, by the matured study of the more accomplished of the ancient masters, who loved to copy from the fairest of created works. Mr. Etty has never surpassed this in true and natural colour; the design, too, is admirable, and all the lesser portions of the picture are exquisitely drawn and painted. It is as near to nature as a transcript can be.

No. 385. 'Portrait of the Hon. Mrs. Henry Marshall,' Mrs. W. Carpenter. Beautifully painted. A work that may vie with the best efforts in any school. How is it that Mrs. Carpenter is not a member of the Royal Academy? How creditable it would be to that body to elect her: such election would be by no means without precedent, for "the books" contain the names of three or four ladies—and sure we are there are very few competitors with superior claims to those of this accomplished painter.

No. 395. 'A Trout Stream,' J. Stark. A sweet copy from nature, with a happy blending of vigour and delicacy: how we long to pace beside it, and throw a fly under the branches of yon aged oak, just where the ripple rises on the water! It would be, indeed, a treat just now, for our fingers and our heart are both weary, and we deeply covet an exchange of fresh air for midnight oil. This we may not have; but we may go again and look at Mr. Stark's picture—and "keep the word of promise."

No. 399. 'Jerusalem, from the Mount of Olives,' D. Roberts, R.A. A chef-d'œuvre of the Artist; realizing a scene linked with so many gloomy and glorious associations—the city that "sits solitary;" that was great "among the nations." In truth "all her beauty is departed;" nothing of the grandeur of ancient Jerusalem now exists. The painter has judiciously thrown the city into the back-ground, from which rise its square and ungainly towers; while in the foreground he has introduced a procession of pilgrims, on their way to bathe in the river Jordan. The picture is one of the highest class; deeply interesting in subject, and of surpassing excellence as a work of art.

No. 407. 'An Irish Market-day, Ballyhay, Co. of Monaghan,' H. MacManus, R.H.A. A capital example of Irish character, full of incident and animation; there is no mistaking the accuracy of the portraits; they are veritable sons and daughters of "the sod."

No. 410. 'Pirates of Istria bearing off the Brides of Venice from the Cathedral of Olivolo,' J. R. Herbert. This picture cannot fail to place Mr. Herbert in the foremost rank of the profession. Its qualities are of the highest and rarest order; with one or two exceptions it may be classed as the most satisfactory production in the Exhibition. The drawing is marvelously correct—a perfect triumph of the art, considering that every subject introduced into it is in action; and that a thorough knowledge of anatomy was necessary to carry out the design. The various passions that agitate the several individuals of the group are admirably expressed; from the leering and self-confident ruffian to the terrified or fainting woman. As an example of colour, too, it is of great excellence; indeed, in this most difficult branch of the art, Mr. Herbert has long gone beyond the majority of his competitors. We have looked—in common with all who love art—with much anxiety for Mr. Herbert's contribution to the collection this year; for last year, unfortunately, ill health compelled him to send in his work unfinished. He has fully realized our best hopes, and established his claim to that professional distinction which is now certain to be awarded him. He will do honour to any society.

No. 411. 'Portrait of a Lady,' S. A. Hart, R.A. Another successful production of this Artist. He has established, this year, his right to the position in which the Academy have placed him; and we rejoice to find has discovered his own proper *forte*. A more purely graceful portrait than this has been seldom produced; it is grand in its simplicity; and receives no aid—or it may, perhaps, be more correct to say, sustains no injury—from the burthenous accessories with which portrait painters are too prone to crowd the canvas, as if they desired to attract the eye from the form and face, to the curtain or pedestal that forms the prominent object of the picture.

No. 428. 'Celestial City and River of Bliss,' No. 570. 'Pandemonium,' J. Martin. Offsprings of a vigorous and brilliant imagination; full of rich poetry: few artists surpass Mr. Martin in the grandeur of his conceptions—they astonish, perhaps, more than they satisfy; and are certainly deficient in that academic truth, without which the greatest work will fail to receive homage from the greatest minds.

No. 429. 'Mary Queen of Scots and Her Return from the Chase to the Castle of Stirling, in 1562,' W. Simson. A fine and highly-interesting picture, grouped with rare skill; drawn with great accuracy and coloured with truth and power. It is, moreover, finished with care, and yet with freedom, being excellent in parts and admirable as a whole.

No. 437. 'The Escape of Earl Nithsdale from the Tower, in 1715,' S. Drummond, A.R.A. A well-selected subject, cleverly treated; it tells

the story of the escape of Lord Nithsdale, by the artifice of his wife, who conveyed the apparel of her nurse into the prison; the moment selected by the artist is when her ladyship, having succeeded in passing the Earl by the guards, returns to the prison door and pretends to converse with him; attracting their attention from the object of the watch. Her ruse was successful.

No. 444. 'Portrait of a Spanish Lady,' J. Linnell. A small portrait of the highest merit; such as very few of our painters can equal. Mr. Linnell has the rare faculty of refining without sacrificing character; of preserving truth and rendering it agreeable.

No. 450. 'Jessica and Lorenzo,' S. A. Hart, R.A. Another capital example of the Artist's ability; one of the most pleasing and characteristic copies of a delicious scene.

No. 463. 'On the Coast at Fecamp, Normandy,' H. Lancaster. A landscape of the best and purest class; the materials are arranged with skill and coloured with a strict adherence to nature.

No. 466. 'The Sculptor's Triumph when His Statue of Venus is about to be Placed in Her Temple: a Morning at Rhodes,' F. Danby, A.R.A. This is a very meritorious work, and worthy of the Artist's earlier reputation. The huge statue, seen in the misty distance, happily contrasts with the gay procession in the foreground, as they bear the Artist and his work to the temple for which it is destined. The composition is a high and pure example of poetry; the several minor parts are carefully wrought, and the effect of the whole work is excellent to the highest degree. It may be liable to the charge of affectation in style, but it has qualities that amply compensate for any defect.

No. 467. 'Portraits of Viscount, Lady Augusta, and the Hon. George Fitzclarence,' J. Lucas. A good and carefully-wrought picture of a family group; the production of an artist who is rapidly making his way onward.

No. 471. 'Portrait of Henry Phillips, Esq.,' J. P. Knight, A.R.A. A soundly painted portrait, which tells us that the vocalist is a brother of the angle.

No. 486. 'Amongst the Mountains in Cumberland,' T. S. Cooper. One of the best examples in the style for which Mr. Cooper has obtained a reputation that is by no means limited to his own country. In portraiture of cattle he goes far beyond any modern competitor, and closely approaches the most renowned of the old masters; whose works are considered treasures above all price. It is not, however, in this quality alone that Mr. Cooper excels; he has been an attentive student in the meadows, and has closely noted the peculiar features that nature presents as fittest to be copied by the artist. His cattle, therefore, are always in keeping with the scene; and the scene is generally such as would "tell" by its adherence to fact, even without the advantage of its accessories. His figures, too, are skilfully introduced, and are invariably in perfect harmony with the surrounding objects. It is not too much to say that no collection of works of British Art will be complete without a specimen of this excellent and pleasing master.

No. 490. 'The Covenanter's Wedding,' R. R. McIan. There are few pictures in the collection that will afford more pleasure than this—regarded in reference either to the treatment of the subject or the ability with which it has been executed. It manifests a thorough acquaintance with Scottish character, and a mastery over the means of making a conception easy of comprehension by the mass. There is nothing forced about it; it is just such a scene, as we can imagine to have been often acted, in troubled times, when brave youths and fair maidens plighted troth in the midst of armed men,—under the dread that the bridal feast might be the last which the bride and bridegroom were

to make together. Every part of the picture affords evidence of matured thought and careful study; and some portions of it would do honour to the best artists of our time. The young couple, the white-haired pastor, the anxious mother, the loving friends, the resolute relatives, that keep guard against interruption, are, each and all, aids to realize a touching and exciting incident—a wedding in a little vale, in the midst of mountains, hidden from the reach of the fierce soldier, to whom religion according to the dictates of conscience was an atrocious crime. A good moral, as well as an historic truth, is conveyed by this fine production of Mr. McIan's pencil—and we are glad that it is to be consigned to the hands of a competent engraver: it will be a valuable acquisition to our store of illustrations of history.

No. 492. 'Party at Ranton Abbey, the Shooting Lodge of the Earl of Litchfield,' F. Grant. A work that might alone give fame to any modern painter: a very difficult subject treated with good taste and sound judgment, and with a depth and strength of colouring rarely equalled.

No. 498. 'The Vicar of Wakefield finding his Lost Daughter at the Inn,' R. Redgrave, A.R.A. The most touching incident in the sweetest of books, rendered with truth, grace, and right feeling. The characters are happily pourtrayed; the subject would be at once known, without the aid of the catalogue. It is painted, too, with great skill and power; and will rank among the universal favourites of the collection.

No. 507. 'The Stolen Interview of Charles I., when Prince of Wales, with the Infanta of Spain,' F. Stone. Mr. Stone is rapidly establishing his claim to high professional rank. This work will go far to advance it. It is painted with great delicacy and beauty; and, as a composition, is conspicuous for the grace that has long distinguished the less ambitious productions of the Artist.

No. 518. 'The Waefu' Heart,' T. Duncan. A most painful, but most affecting picture: poor Jenny, the heart-stricken wife of "Auld Robin Gray." It touches almost as nearly and powerfully as the lines copied from the ballad. There are few better works of its class in this or any other collection.

No. 519. 'David,' W. Etty, R.A. Another noble production of the artist's masterly pencil—a glorious and beautiful conception of the King of Israel "awaking the lute and harp right early."

No. 532. 'The Dawn of Christianity,' J. M. W. Turner, R.A. And another example of a great man's folly. It is far more like the dawn of creation—when "earth was without form and void"—before "the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters."

No. 552. 'Thorwalsden, in his Study at Rome,' E. M. Ward. A picture of great interest, as supplying a likeness of one of the greatest men of the age.

No. 553. 'The Ballad,' G. Lance. A gorgeous picture in the peculiar style of the artist, a style in which he continues without a rival.

No. 563. 'The Cottage Door,' J. Linnell. A delicious and purely English landscape.

#### THE ARCHITECTURAL ROOM.

This still presents the same ill-judged admixture of highly-coloured oil paintings with quiet architectural drawings, so prejudicial to the effect of the latter, of which we have before spoken. Surely architecture, important alike as an art and a science, might have the whole of one small apartment ceded to it? As things are at present managed, its professors have hardly fair play, and may justly complain.

Looked at as a whole, the exhibition of architectural subjects this year, about 130 in number,

may be deemed satisfactory; for although at first sight there may seem to be few important designs, on examination it will be found to give evidence of much careful study, and to show more freedom of thought, than has been sometimes the case.

Mr. Barry exhibits a design for rebuilding Bridgewater-house, London, the residence of Lord Francis Egerton (No. 981); a design, we regret to say, which is certainly more commonplace than we should have expected from this accomplished architect. Like several of his works, it consists of a square pile of building, with a massive tower attached. The elevation of the sides presents a range of three-quarter Corinthian columns on a basement, supporting an entablature and balustrade, beneath which, and between the columns, appear the windows of the second and third floors. This general description of the design, as our readers will see, would apply to very many buildings already erected, the Strand front of Somerset House for example; nevertheless, from its extent and the constant recurrence in it of the same parts, it cannot fail to form an imposing structure, carried out too, as it doubtless will be, with all the excellence of detail, for the knowledge of which its author is justly eminent.

No. 993, called a 'Study for the Front of a Public Building,' by Mr. Cockerell; and No. 1030, by Mr. Mocatta, are two of the designs for the Royal Exchange, concerning both which we have already spoken at great length in the Art-Union. They are beautiful drawings; that by Mr. Cockerell, perhaps the more laboured of the two, and may be usefully studied by the young architect. Mr. Mocatta also exhibits a view of the Brighton Railway terminus now erecting; an Italian design, with a colonnade in front, the intercommunications of which are somewhat too wide.

Of the designs for the Assize Courts at Liverpool, submitted in competition last year, there are no less than eleven exhibited, including that by Mr. H. Elmes, which obtained the first premium. Of these we may mention No. 1031, by Messrs. Wigg and Pownall; No. 988 (a clever Italo-Grecian design), by Mr. Lamb; No. 1028, by Mr. Greig, and No. 966, by Messrs. Mair and Browne. No. 1006, 'Design for St. George's Hall, Liverpool,' by Mr. Elmes, which obtained the first premium in 1839, is an exceedingly beautiful project; wherein many of the difficulties which attend the adoption of a purely Greek model for a modern building are cleverly overcome. The order used is Ionic. The dressings of the windows are particularly elegant. This design, as well as that for the Assize Courts by the same author, has been abandoned in order to arrange one building to serve the two purposes.

For the Infant Orphan Asylum, proposed to be erected at Snaresbrook, there are four designs:—No. 963, by Mr. Alfred Lang (apparently a clever arrangement, but put so far out of sight as not to allow of examination); No. 992, by Mr. A. Beaumont; No. 1097, by Mr. T. Allom; and No. 1112, by Messrs. Hambley and Marriott; the latter two are Elizabethan.

Mr. W. J. Donthorn exhibits the 'Session Court and Gaol, now building at Peterborough,' (No. 1078), which take the shape of a Norman keep, and are effective. No. 987, 'St. Stephen's Church, Bath,' by Mr. J. Wilson, has a clever little tower. No. 1083, 'Chapel of Ease and Boys' School, Horsham,' by Mr. W. Moseley, is a pleasing design, with more adornment than is now-a-days permitted to churches. The churches that, for the most part, are now being erected throughout the country (such, for example, as that at Nuneaton, by Mr. T. L. Walker, No. 957), seem—thanks to the Church Commissioners—to be designed by the dozen, with no recommendation but cheapness; and no better point about them than the certainty that they cannot last many years. Our ancestors could build stone churches in every village—enduring monuments of piety and skill worthy of their sacred purpose. Alas for the degenerate moderns!

No. 965, 'A Design for the altar-end of a church,' by Mr. T. Allom (masterly drawing), might then probably have been realized; in these times, however, it can hardly be hoped for.

No. 1092, 'An aquatic approach to a Mansion,' by Mr. E. A. Gifford, is an ambitious attempt deserving applause; as have been several previous

efforts of this artist. Mr. Drew displays some beautiful drawing in No. 1064, 'Side Elevation of a Church.' No. 1063, 'Design for an Opera-house, in the Italian style,' by J. C. Tinkler, is neatly expressed.

We are most reluctantly compelled here to break off our notice, which we shall, of course, continue in "our next;" and as our next will be published on the 1st of June (our design being, as we have elsewhere advertised, to publish in future on the 1st instead of the 15th of each month), a very long period will not elapse before we shall be enabled to close our observations upon this subject—the subject of the year to Artists, and all who love Art. We repeat our entire satisfaction with the Exhibition 1841: it is too much the fashion, year after year, with a portion of the public press, to proclaim about annual "inferiority;" as if our British Artists were retrograding rather than advancing—a grievous mistake, arising in some cases from wilfulness, in others from ignorance, and in others from utter oblivion of the past. It has been our yearly duty, for the last 15 years, to write a notice of the produce of the Royal Academy, and we have therefore, necessarily, scrutinized it closely. We do not hesitate to affirm that there has been no single year unmarked by general improvement; every year exhibiting a safe and sure progress upon the parts of the majority of the exhibitors. It is deeply to be lamented that many critics imagine they will stir men to activity and emulation by depressing them—that men can be urged to do much by being told they can do nothing—a principle as unnatural as it is untrue. We have not ourselves had opportunities of examining the Exhibitions of the Continent; but we have correspondents in most of the foreign states, and we may rely upon their assurances, that nowhere have the Arts manifested so decided a progress onwards as they have, of late years, in Great Britain; nowhere are there to be found so many good pictures or so few bad; nowhere has any Academy produced so large a number of able pupils as the Royal Academy of this kingdom—unsustained by any aid but that which they derive from exhibiting the year's produce.

Such is the opinion expressed to us in the most unqualified terms by the many we have been enabled to consult who have visited the various cities of Europe; and it is grievous in the extreme that the press—or rather a considerable portion of it—which should foster and protect the promise as well as the performance of genius, should manifest a disposition to dishearten, discourage, and embarrass.

#### THE BRITISH INSTITUTION.

The prizes offered have been allotted to Messrs. T. Von Holst, F. Stone, Edward T. Cooke, and E. Goodall; and, on the whole, the allotment must be considered satisfactory. In reference to the first-named artist, there was but one opinion; so, also, it was of the second; and although we do not consider that the other two manifested, in this year's collection, very decided marks of improvement, we may not forget that Mr. Cooke deservedly ranks among the best landscape painters of the country; and that Mr. Goodall has established a character—very high for so young a man. We have neither time nor space to comment upon this topic at greater length, just now; our communications upon it are very numerous; and we might amuse our readers by printing some of them. A strong feeling appears to prevail that Mr. Linell ought to have had the preference. We rejoice that some of the "speculators" will be agreeably disappointed; and, as we have intimated, we regard the selection as creditable to the good taste and strict justice of the arbiters.

The following is a list of the pictures which have been sold at the Exhibition, together with (in most instances) the prices, and the names of the purchasers.

No. 12. 'The Return from Christening,' F. Goodall, W. Wells, Esq. No. 59. 'Don Quixote giving advice to Sancho,' J. Gilbert, W. Wells, Esq. No. 188. 'Columbus and his son Diego, receiving relief from the Monks of La Rabida,' W. Simson, W. Wells, Esq. No. 41. 'Mont St. Michel—Peasants returning to Pont-Aven on the approach of the tide,' E. W. Cooke, 160 guineas, the Marquis of Lansdowne. No. 63. 'Sketch of a Bazaar at Siout, Egypt,' W. J. Müller, £10, C. B. Wall, Esq. No. 289. 'The Slave-market, Cairo—Sketch for a Picture,' W. J. Müller, £10, C. B. Wall, Esq. No. 341. 'Bonaparte in Prison at Nice,' E. M. Ward, the Duke of Wellington. No. 180. 'Baptism—

Interior of the Church of St. Gilles, Caen,' F. Goodall, 100 guineas, Sir C. H. Coote, Bart. No. 58. 'Avenue of Willow Pollards,' Jas. Stark, 45 guineas, Lord F. Egerton. No. 296. 'Sketch from Nature,' F. R. Lee, R.A., 15 guineas, John Sheepshanks, Esq. No. 103. 'View in Denbighshire,' Mrs. Arnold, Lord F. Egerton, M.P. No. 40. 'From the Parable of the Ten Virgins,' W. Etty, R.A., 150 guineas, Vincent Thompson, Esq. No. 8. 'A Girl Reading,' J. W. King, Edward Bell, Esq. No. 294. 'Head of a Mahomedan,' W. Etty, R.A., T. S. Cooper, Esq. No. 245. 'Arming for Battle,' F. Newham, £80, N. Farmer, Esq. No. 7. 'Waiting for an Answer,' J. C. Horseley, John Sheepshanks, Esq. No. 108. 'Street Scene in Cairo,' D. Roberts, A.R.A. No. 72. 'Horses returning from Plough,' J. F. Herring, 50 guineas, Sir Benjamin Smith. No. 228. 'View in the Kingdom of Naples,' W. Leitch, Sheppard, Esq. No. 342. 'Terrace of the Capuchin Convent at Sorrento,' J. Uwins, R.A., James Hall, Esq. No. 304. 'Bay of Naples—Peasants going to the Villa Reale,' J. Uwins, R.A. No. 150. 'Eagle and Black Cock in a Highland Glen,' F. R. Lee, R.A., W. Wells, Esq. No. 215. 'A Dog with Bittern, Wild Duck, &c.,' F. R. Lee, R.A., W. Wells, Esq. No. 362. 'Sloop shortening sail off the Shears Beacon,' G. W. Butland, 150 guineas, W. Dasford, Esq. No. 291. 'Evening,' H. Bright, F. Chittenden, Esq. No. 148. 'Cottage Scene in Sussex,' H. J. Boddington, 6 guineas, F. Chittenden, Esq. No. 25. 'Scheweling Pink getting off Shore,' E. W. Cooke, Lord Northwick. No. 395. 'Child in the Bath,' (sculpture), Patrick Park, 250 guineas, John Clow, Esq. No. 125. 'Mountain Streams,' Thomas Creswick, 80 guineas, Lord Northwick. No. 248. 'Blacksmith's Shop,' Thos. Creswick, John Clow, Esq. No. 235. 'The Wish,' Theodore Von Holst, 50 guineas, Lord Northwick. No. 319. 'Evening,' John Wilson, 15 guineas, Lord Northwick. No. 287. 'A Calm—Morning,' John Wilson, 8 guineas, Lord Northwick. No. 367. 'Ober Lahenstein, near Coblenz,' Charles Deane, 40 guineas, No. 14. 'The Seven Mountains, from the University-gardens, Bonn,' R. H. Hilditch, 15 guineas, Colonel Wyde. No. 225. 'Amalfi, coast of Salerno,' G. E. Hering, 46 guineas, Colonel Wyde. No. 162. 'Flash—Study,' S. Pearce, 4 guineas, Lady H. Williams. No. 183. 'Burning Vraic, Jersey,' E. W. Cooke, 50 guineas, Chas. W. Packe, Esq. No. 100. 'Cattle Returning—Evening,' J. Wilson, jun., 10 guineas, J. E. B. Stevenson, Esq. No. 289. 'Sunset,' W. Welfert, No. 198. 'The Account-day,' C. Brocky, 18 guineas, H. A. J. Munro, Esq. No. 121. 'La Maitresse,' C. Brocky, 35 guineas. No. 312. 'Scene on the Sussex Coast,' W. Shayer, 45 guineas, T. Miller, Esq. No. 45. 'Cain,' Walter Measor, G. Louis, Esq. No. 195. 'Narcissus,' G. Lance, 200 guineas, — Robertson, Esq. No. 331. 'An Interior,' G. Lance, 175 guineas, — Robertson, Esq. No. 314. 'H. M. S. Howe getting under Weigh,' and No. 332. 'The Wreck,' G. W. Butland, £30 (the two), J. S. Christian, Esq. No. 344. 'Still Life,' Edward Bell, 6 guineas, — Kent, Esq. No. 173. 'French Herring-boat entering Havre,' E. W. Cooke, 160 guineas, H. Gritten, Esq. No. 36. 'From a Dramatic Romance,' F. Stone, Lord F. Egerton. No. 31. 'Morning in the Meadows of Sturry,' T. S. Cooper, £100, W. Bennett, Esq. No. 227. 'Oranges, Grapes, &c.,' A. J. Oliver, A.R.A., 8 guineas the three, the Rev. Sir Samuel Jervoise, Bart. No. 389. 'A Young Fruiteress,' A. J. Oliver, A.R.A., 12 guineas, the Rev. Sir Samuel Jervoise, Bart. No. 396. 'Sappho—burst in Marble,' N. C. Marshall, £30. J. Vincent Thompson, Esq. No. 164. 'The Ruins of St. Augustin's Monastery, Canterbury,' T. S. Cooper, 60 guineas, W. Peile, Esq. No. 35. 'Moonlight,' J. B. Crome, 10 guineas, Sir H. Bunbury, Bart. No. 295. 'Distant View of Dunster Castle,' Copley Fielding, 12 guineas, Sir H. Bunbury. No. 269. 'The Warden,' Charles Hancock, Sir W. W. Wynne, Bart. No. 226. 'View near Pembroke, South Wales,' E. Goodall, 40 guineas, W. Wells, Esq. No. 282. 'View near Ben More, Isle of Mull,' Copley Fielding, 12 guineas, Lord Haddo. No. 298. 'View of Snowdon,' Copley Fielding, 15 guineas, Lord Haddo. No. 134. 'Marie,' Mrs. McLan, 18 guineas, Earl Grey. No. 237. 'Landscape Composition,' R. Hilditch, £12. No. 267. 'Oberwesel on the Rhine,' G. Hilditch, 10 guineas, Enoch Durant, Esq. No. 274. 'Ruins of the Rheinfels from the Lily Inn, St. Goar,' G. Hilditch, 10 guineas, Enoch Durant, Esq. No. 64. 'The Village Church—Sunday Morning,' — Stanley, 45 guineas, R. S. Cox, Esq. No. 89. 'Evening on the Sands near Hastings,' A. Clint, 25 guineas, R. S. Dawson, Esq. No. 48. 'Study from Nature,' C. M. Aldis, 10 guineas, Miss Acock. No. 375. 'Boar Hunters and Pilgrims of the 15th Century receiving Refreshment at the gate of a Convent,' R. Herbert, 200 guineas, — Mees, Esq. No. 241. 'Christ arrayed in the Ensigns of Mock Royalty,' J. King, 40 guineas. No. 132. 'Gil Blas entertained by the Valets of the Beau who sup at their Masters' Cost,' J. M. Joy, 30 guineas, W. Egley, Esq. No. 80. 'The Plain Gold Ring,' T. Clater, 40 guineas, E. Benton, Esq. No. 143. 'The Thames, near Reading,' H. C. Pigeon, 65 guineas, R. Thackthwaite, Esq. No. 163. 'Hush,' W. Revere, Lord Coborne, Esq. No. 294. 'The Bath,' Miss F. Corbeaux, 25 guineas, Enoch Durant, Esq. No. 24. 'Fisherman's Cottage, Clovelly, N. Devon,' W. Shayer, 55 guineas, — Acock, Esq.

## THE SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.

## THIRTY-SEVENTH EXHIBITION.

This Society, to which we are indebted for so much of the supremacy of "the Art" continues to progress; its Exhibition is still foremost among the most attractive of the metropolis. This year, we miss from its walls, the fine conceptions and masculine executions of Cattermole, whose health has, unhappily, prevented his bringing to them the aid of his powerful pencil; but the other members have bestirred themselves, to make amends for his absence, and the result is, a collection of great excellence—taken as a whole, perhaps, more satisfactory than any that has preceded it, although there are none of a very striking character. It consists of 333 paintings.

No. 1. 'The Melancholy Jaques,' P. De Wint. A bold and vigorous copy from nature; for, although the old incident from Shakspeare is introduced into the picture, the oak,

"... Whose antique root peeps out

Under the brook that brawls along this wood," is still growing and flourishing, in gigantic size and strength, at Oakley Park, near Ludlow. Mr. De Wint's other principal works—and, although not sufficiently numerous, they are worthy of his well-earned fame—are, 3, 'Ferry on the Severn,' 76, 'Winter,' and 110, 'An Effect on the Cross Fells, Cumberland.'

No. 2. 'Ben Cruachan, looking up Loch Etive, Argyllshire,' Copley Fielding. One of the most forcible and effective productions of this admirable master; it is delicate and graceful in the foreground, and the mist is happily represented as passing up the distant mountains. The artist is an extensive contributor, and there is no one of his contributions that will not be coveted by all who can appreciate excellence. No. 37, 'Vessel off Beechy Head,' is a fine contrast, by its force and vigour, to the delicacy displayed in No. 2. It is grand in composition; the gloom of the sky and waves commingle; the relic of an old wreck is among the breakers, and the tall masted vessel is rapidly nearing destruction. The painter is a poet. In 131, 'Scarborough, Yorkshire—Morning,' we have another variety; another, No. 163, 'View from Bolton Park,' and another, a small work of exquisite character, No. 291, 'Scene on the Waste of Cumberland, near Bew Castle.' He appears, indeed, to have studied how best he might embellish and give interest to the rooms, by varying, as far as possible, the productions he exhibited.

No. 4. 'Remnants of the Tournament,' W. Hunt. Full of character and humour, without jarring by approach to caricature: a rude, rustic boy has dressed himself in portions of the garb of a knight of tourney; it is vigorously drawn and brilliantly coloured. A capital picture, too, is 13, 'A Cottage Door,' at which a village coquette is standing. So is No. 88, 'A Winter Effect—a lad whose fingers have been bitten by the nipping frost. No. 99, 'Asking a Blessing,' is in a different style, but of equal merit with the copies of his more comic "sitters." No. 105, 'Giving himself (H) airs,' borders too much on the burlesque to please us; and the pun is not a good one. No. 126, 'An Irish Pilgrim Boy,' is forcible and true, and very touching; it exhibits a fine feeling for the pathetic, upon which Mr. Hunt will do wisely to improve. No. 166, 'A Laboratory,' is an attempt—and, as far as the design goes, a successful one—to essay a new path. It is of larger size than usual, and, though immensely crowded with objects, each one of them is wrought to a high degree of finish; showing great capability in copying with marvellous accuracy. The whole of the artist's contributions to the collection are of great merit; in his peculiar walk he has not yet been approached. His single figures are all admirable: we hope, however, he will study the art of grouping, so as to avoid the charge of sameness that has been urged against his works.

No. 9. 'Gougan Barra, near Bantry,' W. A. Nesfield—(the Animals by R. Hills.) A fine copy of one of the wildest and most picturesque

scenes to be found, perhaps, in any country in Europe. The sacred lake of Gougan Barra is situated in the midst of mountains, and is formed by the thousand streams that perpetually run from them. Its character is that of exceeding gloom, and the solitary feeling it creates is augmented by the ruins of a small chapel that occupy a little island, on which grows a group of trees, the only ones for miles around the district. The artist has transcribed, with great ability, the place and its peculiarities; but, in the name of truth, what could have tempted him so completely to outrage fact, as to introduce into it a herd of wild deer; they might have been seen there, indeed, two or three centuries ago; but we venture to assert, that never since has aught been beheld in the district more nearly resembling them than the goat or small mountain sheep. This is a sacrifice of the real to the fanciful, which we cannot pardon; nature wants none of these aids, or, if they be resorted to, the artist should not profess to copy the actual. Mr. Nesfield exhibits several other works of great value; we cannot test them so closely as we can No. 9, but will take for granted that he has not made so free with all his subjects. No. 17, 'Fall of the Tumel,' is a brilliant picture; full of high and right feeling. No. 161, 'A Day in the Highlands,' is of considerable merit, but the game is too lavishly exhibited in the fore-ground.

No. 10. 'The Youthful Florist,' J. Cristall. A graceful and pleasing portrait, with a very agreeable back-ground. No. 33, 'Highlanders Consulting,' although a more ambitious subject, is far less effective.

No. 22, 'Lock Scene,' C. Bentley. A fine and interesting example of this artist's ability; it is, evidently, "a true copy," and the original was skilfully selected. There is evidence of much improvement in this artist; he has used his pencil with a more free hand, and with greater self-dependence. No. 73, 'Fishing Boats—Wicklow Bay,' is an able display of colour; and the composition, though the materials are limited, manifests good taste. No. 197, 'Fishing Boats Running into Harbour in a Stiff Breeze,' although unpropitiously placed, is among the best works of the collection; it is of large size, and is painted with the vigour of a master. Few of our artists are so completely at ease on the broad ocean, or so conversant with its "wooden walls."

No. 29, 'Distant View of Loughborough and Charnwood Forest, from Cotes Hill, Leicestershire,' J. D. Harding. This is a noble work; one of the best examples we could produce of the excellence to which, in England, we have carried "Painting in Water Colours." It bears perfection as closely as aught that has yet been done; added to the delicacy attainable by the material used, is the force and vigour obtained by the use of oil; it is as vigorous in execution as if wrought on canvas. The composition is very happy; for, although nature has supplied the middle and back-ground, the painter has introduced into the fore-ground a group of sportsmen, that adds essentially to the effect of the picture. No. 121, 'The Falls of the Tumel,' is another choice specimen of the artist—a production of grace, as well as grandeur. These, and No. 144, 'Boats Going Off—Hastings,' are the only contributions of Mr. Harding—too few.

No. 34. 'Interior, with Dog and Game,' Fredk. Tayler. A very vigorous picture; painted with great care, and manifesting great power over the pencil and the matter employed. In No. 54, 'Early Morning—Unkennelling,' the hounds are admirably pourtrayed, but the subject is scarce worthy of the artist's talents. No. 117, 'The Highland Keeper's Bothy,' is Mr. Tayler's most ambitious work in the collection: it is of high merit, elaborately painted in every part, and very effective as a composition; but its value is materially marred by the moustachioed countenances of the sportsmen, who seem fitter to whine within a lady's bower, than to hunt the wild deer and roe over highland mountains. The character given them is in ill keeping with the scene.

No. 45. 'View from the Summit of Scafell Pike, Cumberland,' W. Turner. A noble copy of a peculiarly grand scene; the selection of such a subject does credit to the taste and judgment

of the artist. No. 91, is, unfortunately, a contrast. Is there any thing like it in nature?

No. 59, 'Notre Dame, from Place de la Calende, Rouen,' S. Prout. Although Mr. Prout contributes several pictures, they are all of minor importance, giving unwelcome evidence that his state of health has prevented his producing a work worthy of him; these small "bits," are, indeed, of high merit, but how gladly should we have examined some production of his pencil, that gave proof of renovated strength of hand, as well as undiminished grace and right feeling for the excellent in art and nature.

No. 72. 'Stapleton Mill, near Bristol,' G. A. Fripp. A work manifesting talent, but of a character too sombre to seem natural. No. 113, 'Tivoli,' is hard and disagreeable. No. 209, 'Scene in the Via Mala Pass of the Splügen,' is a far nearer approach to reality.

No. 82. 'Windsor,' W. Evans. A most delicious work; accurate as a portrait, and yet beautiful as a composition. It has the merit, too, of being a new view of an old subject—a subject, however, that cannot fail to interest, taken from any point. No. 102, 'Caversham on the Thames,' is another example of the grace and vigour of the artist—qualities in which he is equalled by few. It is the production of a highly poetic mind, and of one that has been duly schooled in the love of nature as in the pursuit of art. How much the value of the picture—a true copy of an actual scene—is enhanced by the introduction of the sweet group in the fore-ground; and, how judiciously the painter has brought the aid of fancy to bear upon reality, by the simple touching in of the rainbow, arching the village church.

No. 86. 'Dunluce Castle, County of Antrim,' H. Gastineau. A scene of surpassing grandeur; admirably copied. A ruined castle overhangs the rocks, against which the wild waves rush and break into foam; the sea birds exult in the midst of desolation, and the awful loneliness of the spot is illustrated by the smuggler, who bears, unquestioned, his keg up the rugged cliffs. Mr. Gastineau has brought a store of wealth from Ireland—a country singularly rich (and yet scarcely touched) in materials for the painter. Of an opposite character is No. 170, 'Trim, County of Meath,' a graceful and fertile inland scene, rendered interesting and memorable as a place associated with the early life of the Duke of Wellington; a pillar erected in honour of whom, is judiciously introduced in the distance. It is a beautiful work, and one that we hope the Duke will see; for, although his glorious career has been extensively illustrated, artists have been strangely neglectful of the earlier portions of it. The county of Meath has hundreds of subjects, not only inviting to the painter because of their natural beauties, but important, as interwoven with the history of one of the greatest men of the age.

No. 107. 'Scene from Milton's Comus,' J. M. Wright. A fine conception of the "divinest" character of Milton—"Sabrina fair!" but the work is injured by the heavy looking Cupid that "rides the air" overhead. The figures are skilfully grouped, and the story is told with happy effect.

No. 111. 'Afternoon,' G. Barret. One of Mr. Barret's "peculiar" works—glorious sunset—and one of his best; manifesting anything but diminished power. He exhibits several excellent pictures; No. 246, 'Drovers' (on the screen), being a gem of the purest water.

No. 111. 'Easter Day at Rome—Pilgrims and Peasants of the Neapolitan States awaiting the Benediction of the Pope at St. Peter's,' J. F. Lewis. A gorgeous work, with merits of the very highest order; but of greater value as a painting than as a composition. Pilgrims and peasants, priests and monks, women and children, are mixed—and rather confusedly—around the steps of the palace church. The subject is, undoubtedly, too crowded, and presents no object of sufficient prominence.

No. 142. 'Landscape—Composition,' J. Varley. Full of imagination, and yet of truth—truth of nature and of art. No. 146, 'Evening—Composition,' calls for the same remark. The painter has a fertile and vigorous fancy; he will not please those who are content with prettiness,

but he will satisfy all who desire to see exercised the higher qualities of mind. His works seem to have been executed in "a new style;" as if he had hit upon some plan for producing a novel effect. This alone is highly creditable; by far too few of our painters ever study to invent—being, for the most part, satisfied to work as lawyers do, by "precedent"—and to eschew suggestions they do not find in "the books."

No. 156. 'Venice, from the Riva degli Schiavoni,' W. Callow. Less crude and hard than the other works of the artist.

No. 160. 'St. Mark's, and the Piazzetta, Venice, during the Carnival,' Lake Price. The painter is scarcely sustaining the reputation he acquired in a very difficult and original style. This work is marred by masses of red, blue, and yellow spots; and sadly lacks harmony, both in arrangement and execution.

No. 185. 'Curiosity,' Miss E. Sharpe. A prettily composed and highly finished picture.

No. 199. 'The Glove,' Mrs. Seyfarth. Although manifesting much ability, the story is not well told. An exquisite sonnet, commemorating the event, was written by Leigh Hunt, which we regret did not chance to come in the way of Mrs. Seyfarth. A much pleasanter and more effective picture is No. 227, 'Paul and Virginia.' A picture full of point, humour, and character, is No. 266, 'The Alarm in the Night,' representing a household roused from their sleep by a hubbub in the pantry; the thief being a huge brindled cat.

No. 200. 'Poppies.' No. 215, 'Autumn Fruit,' V. Bartholemew. It is impossible to copy nature with greater accuracy; a breath might seem to stir the petals of the flower; and the fruit might realize the old story—the birds might come to peck at it.

No. 221. 'The Witch's Progress,' H. Richter. A fine conception of an unnatural scene: the artist has carried much humour into his work; moreover, it is skilfully and cleverly painted.

No. 237. 'The Contrast.' No. 319. 'Rosalind and Celia,' J. W. Wright. Two very sweet pictures; gracefully conceived, and executed with much ability—the latter especially so. It is a gentle and pleasant reading of a passage in Shakespeare—the friendship of two fair girls.

No. 238. 'The Selected Flower,' F. Stone. It will be generally regretted that Mr. Stone has this year contributed but one picture to the collection. It is, however, a worthy example of his abilities in a class of art we suspect he is deserting for that which is considered the higher. In this small production is represented a young girl's first thought of love, a beautiful mingling of surprise, pleasure, and bashfulness.

No. 299. 'A Grove,' F. O. Finch. A work of considerable merit; very tastefully composed and carefully and judiciously finished.

No. 302. 'Presence Chamber, Hampton-court,' Joseph Nash. One of several good pictures, by an artist who has succeeded in "restoring" many of the ancient halls of England, and peopling them with the worthies of old times.

There are a few of the Exhibitors, and many of the pictures, that still call for notice; but we are closely approaching the boundary to which we are of necessity confined. Seven-and-thirty years have now elapsed since the foundation of the Society; it will be curious and interesting, as well as useful, to trace its career, from the commencement to the present time. Who were its founders? Under what discouragements it laboured at its outset? What changes it has produced upon the art? We hope that we may yet be favoured with the materials for its history.

#### NEW SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.

##### SEVENTH EXHIBITION.

The Society is in the last year of its apprenticeship—a fact that must be borne in mind in 1842! While the elder has, perhaps, attained to as much vigour as it is capable of possessing, and will give abundant satisfaction by merely keeping its ground, the younger *must* progress; that it has

progressed is certain, every year exhibiting a manifest improvement in its character and condition, until it is very nearly on a par with its competitor. Both societies are honorable to British art; the public favour both; and both afford exceeding enjoyment to the tens of thousands who look for the month of May as opening up to them sources of pleasure and instruction. The rooms at 53, PALL-MALL are, perhaps, better fitted for the purpose of exhibiting pictures than any other in the Metropolis; the light is good, and pretty evenly distributed; they are sufficiently spacious; and on the ground-floor in the most fashionable street of London. We are not surprised, therefore, to find that the artists here have made an annual harvest of profit and encouragement; and we rejoice that it is so, for they merit both. The effect is this year more than usually perceptible. The more matured painters have considerably advanced, while their juniors are treading very closely in their steps. The collection consists of 308 pictures.

No. 4. 'The Dying Camel,' H. Warren. This is a fine passage of poetry. In the arid desert, the traveller and the camel have been left to die; the vultures have scented the prey afar off, and are flocking to the banquet. The man seems unconscious of his sad position; but the poor animal is willing to make a struggle for life. The scene of utter desolation along the trackless waste is in admirable keeping with the touching incident. Of a higher class, though scarcely more effective, is No. 75, 'Rebekah at the Well of Nahor.' Its tone of colour is firm and vigorous; and the subject is treated with great simplicity, while the various details exhibit careful and considerate study. The "Maiden very fair to look upon" is gracefully and beautifully pictured; and the group round the well, is skilfully arranged. The work establishes Mr. Warren's claim to a high professional position.

No. 44. 'The Covenanter's Home,' Jas. Fahey. A gracefully conceived and beautifully painted landscape; rich in natural treasures—fair children, flourishing trees, bees, and flowers. The cottage is a happy-looking retreat for contented virtue. It is of course the "Covenanter's home" before it was visited by the curse of the destroyer; and illustrates a passage in a sweet poem of poor Letitia Landon's. The artist should have painted, as a companion to it, the aspect of the "Home" after the foot of war had crushed it.

No. 60. 'The Oath of Vargas in the Conseil des Troubles, 1567,' Louis Hage. A picture, in some respects, of vast ability, but affording little pleasure. The subject is a revolting one—a far better might have been selected. Time and genius are wasted if they teach nothing, and supply no enjoyment. It relates an incident in the history of the infamous Duke of Alva, whose ferocious representative, Jean Vargas, characterized as the "cruellest of the cruel," having signed a mass of death-warrants, is described as in the act of swearing—with his hand on the book of life—not to spare even his own mother if ever she should be infected with the plague-spot of heresy; while a bigot monk, standing by, exclaims, "God has heard you—your oath is registered in heaven." The more the artist succeeded, the more likely his work would be to excite disgust. We do not think he has succeeded. He pictures, it is true, a gang of ruffians, and commemorates a revolting incident; but he has failed in telling his story by the countenances of the actors in the bloody drama. As a development of the evil passions, it is, we think, a failure; as an example of fine drawing and powerful colouring, however, few modern works approach it.

No. 77. 'Smugglers Captured by the Coast-guard, in running their Cargo,' G. B. Campion. Full of energy and spirit, and apparently a very true transcript of a striking scene. No. 137, 'Landscape with Gipsies,' is also a work of considerable merit.

No. 102. 'The Apartment leading to the Banqueting Hall,' John Chase. A clever composition, skilfully and powerfully coloured; illustrating the architecture of the sixteenth century. It may rank among the best of its class.

No. 118. 'Caernarvon Castle, North Wales,'

T. M. Richardson. A fine copy of one of the most extensive and interesting ruins in Great Britain. The style is remarkably nervous and free.

No. 146. 'The Triangle,' A. H. Taylor. A clever composition, coloured with much force and effect.

No. 84. 'Ruin of an Old Mill, on the Marshes near Loddon, Norfolk,' H. Bright. An early morning effect, and one of the most effective productions of the excellent artist. Another 'Old Mill,' is No. 100. Mr. Bright has a fine feeling for the picturesque; he must, however, beware in time of the danger of falling into mannerism, by studying only one class of subjects.

No. 156. 'The Battle of Agincourt,' H. Warren and C. H. Weigall. The joint production of two excellent artists; a brilliant and vigorous conception of a battle-scene in the olden time, before

"Villainous saltpetre had been dug

Out of the bowls of the harmless earth—when knights fought hand to hand; and in bright armour, mounted upon gallant steeds, took from war more than half its ugly features, and made subjects for artists in succeeding ages. There are portions of this picture of very high merit; and, as a whole, it gives a good idea of the exciting scene. Mr. Weigall exhibits several brilliant "bits" of cottage-door incidents. No. 225, 'Poultry,' is a capital example of a style in which the artist is unrivalled.

No. 180. 'Falstaff, Bardolph, and Hostess,' W. H. Keeling. A powerfully-coloured painting, the tone of which is uncommonly vigorous; but the artist has not embodied the conceptions of the poet. Neither Sir John, nor Bardolph, nor Mrs. Quickly are as Shakespeare pictures them; the countenance of the knight is an especial failure.

No. 203. 'Luggelaw, Co. Wicklow,' W. Telbin. A charming work; giving an accurate idea of one of the grandest scenes in the most picturesque of the Irish counties.

No. 209. 'Sunday Morning.' No. 224, 'La Bondeuse,' John Absolon. Two tasteful and carefully-wrought works; the colouring, however, is somewhat too thin.

No. 230. 'Griselde and the Markis,' Edward Corbould. This is, beyond question, the most striking and interesting picture in the collection; and will, as it ought, attract all visitors to the gallery. It is a work of the highest merit, both in design and execution, and cannot fail to establish the reputation which the young artist has been gradually and surely acquiring. Mr. Corbould drinks largely at

"The pure well of English undefiled—"

a better teacher than the old poet he could not study under. His continual application to so rich a source of instruction is evidence of his taste and judgment. The conception and arrangement of this picture are both good; the characters are well-imagined and well-placed (a little more animation to the countenance of Griselde, and of energy to that of the Markis, would have improved it, however), and it is finished with great care in every part. The costume, too, is very accurate, and manifests no lack of painstaking. The group of village girls, the knights and dames, who form the procession, the various minor details, are all elaborately wrought. It is a gorgeous display of magnificence, but so tastefully and judiciously treated as to lose nothing of the touching character of the main incident.

No. 257. 'The Portes and Boulevards St. Denis and St. Martin, Paris.' No. 278, 'The Conciergerie, &c., Paris, from the Pont Neuf,' T. S. Boys. Two highly characteristic street scenes, drawn with extraordinary fidelity and rendered remarkably pictorial. In this department of the art there is no painter who approaches Mr. Boys.

We must apologize for the brevity of this notice; but, in truth, our space is exhausted; and it will excite no surprise if we have grown weary of passing over ground that presents but little variety, and where we have been compelled to ring the changes again and again to the same tune—one of satisfaction, certainly, but also one of sameness. There are few of the members of this society who have not done well; and we lament we are now so completely worn out as to be utterly unable to particularize.

## EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL SCOTTISH ACADEMY.—(CONCLUDED.)

No. 343. 'Cleveland cast ashore on Sumburgh Head,' John Irvine, A. A capital picture: it is well imagined and beautifully drawn, the colouring is rich, and the finish of the highest excellence, affording evidence of power which, if ripened into maturity, gave promise of the fairest fruit. A melancholy interest attaches to the history of this unfortunate son of genius, whose exertions have been prematurely torn from enriching the arts of his country: delicacy forbids our saying more on this subject, which has been feebly alluded to in a northern contemporary in an appeal to the Committee of the Association for Promotion of the Fine Arts in Scotland, in which appeal we most heartily concur, and, under all the circumstances, sincerely trust it will not be thrown away. (Since the above was in type, we are happy to say the Committee has purchased this picture.) No. 364. 'The Lothians,' the late Rev. John Thomson, H. The last relic of the greatest Scottish landscape painter, cannot be looked on at present without deep interest apart from its intrinsic merit, great as that unquestionably is. We shall soon begin to desiderate the contributions of him who wielded with such magic influence his pencil, to delineate with faithful and exalted truth the sublime scenery and natural glories of his native land. This picture, among the last efforts of his genius, was one of his most favourite works; it is said to have been his labour of love for years before his death; and a great work it undoubtedly is, although evidently unfinished. Whether we consider the vastness of the field embraced, or the success with which that vastness has been imparted, we have little fear in saying he has left no contemporary who could have filled it up; the airiness of the distance is truth itself, and the eye strains after objects on the extremest verge of the horizon in search of others yet beyond them, as an inquiring eye will do in nature, so true is the deception: take all in all it is the most poetical landscape in the rooms; indeed, in point of poetry of conception and execution, there is no picture here will compare with it, if we except Etty's.

WATER-COLOURS.—The arrangements for the water-colour drawings and the sculpture, are of the worst possible kind; they are huddled together into one small apartment, with two large side-lights on the west, fronting which, at the back of the room is erected a semicircular screen, against which the sculpture is placed, right in front of the glare of a stage light; the consequence to it being a total destruction of the steady downward light which is indispensable to the regulated shadow, without which the beauties of sculpture can never be duly appreciated; while the screen has the effect of darkening nearly one half the room, and many of the water-colour drawings are actually placed behind it with so narrow a stripe of a passage round it on both sides, as to render it extremely inconvenient for one party to pass another: these defects, as a matter of course, have detracted from the attention to those branches of Art which their merits undoubtedly deserve. No. 421, 'Water-mill,' Andrew Donaldson, is a very picturesque scene, well coloured and richly toned, rather overwrought a little. 435, 'Old Carr Bridge,' by the same, has less crowding upon the eye of the various objects composing the picture, and is well treated otherwise. 466, 'Brakeen Bridge,' also by the same, is another very pretty little subject well treated: this clever artist has several other interesting pieces in the collection, all marked by the peculiarities of his style, which has a tendency to overlabour, and rather too much of a yellowish brown tint over the whole of them. No. 423. 'Portrait of Mrs. Buchanan,' Mrs. Musgrave. This lady has a numerous collection of very ably treated portraits in the room all characterized by good feeling, fine taste, and artist like treatment. Want of space, however, compels us to be brief in our notice of portraits; the one most to our liking of this accomplished lady's productions, is 461, 'Portraits of the Children of Capt. Isake, R.N.;' there is a fine simplicity of arrangement in the group, richness without heaviness in the colouring, and a delightful juvenile expression in the whole of the heads. No. 425. 'Portrait of a Gentleman,' Kenneth Macleay, R.S.A. An extremely clever portrait: the same observation with respect to portraits must plead our apology to this artist which has dictated the previous notice; his best is 463, 'Portrait of Lady Mackenzie and her Daughter.' It is very cleverly treated; the colouring and drawing particularly fine, the heads dignified and ladylike. No.

435. 'Yarmouth Roads—Light Breeze,' W. L. Leitch. An exceedingly clever sketch, the colour admirable, as well as the drawing and arrangement. 445. 'View of the Isola Leche on the Lago di Garda,' by the same. A very fine picture indeed; the subject, although picturesque, is grand and impressive, and the sky is beautifully managed. His 522, 'Interior of the Church of St. Mark's, Venice,' is a rich and clever representation of a very striking and beautiful interior, rendered with great fidelity and power: this artist's productions are out of sight, the most talented and artistic water-colours exhibited here, at least in the landscape and marine departments. No. 437. 'The Return of the Chamois-Hunter,' H. Newton. A very laborious and good picture, but rather soft and washy in the general style of its treatment. This gentleman has several other pictures nearly characterized by the same qualities, i. e., good, warm, and rich colouring, but a laboured feebleness in the handling. No. 438. 'Sir Arthur Wardour and his Daughter' (a scene from the "Antiquary"), Thomas Kearnan. A very gorgeously painted interior, filled with rich and elegant furniture: 463. 'Edward the Confessor's Chapel, Westminster Abbey,' by the same, is also a splendidly painted interior, very beautiful in tone and in handling. His 512, 'East End of Westminster Abbey,' is one of the richest and most elaborate water-colours we have met with; it is a striking and excellent picture, of a most picturesque and interesting subject. No. 472. 'Portrait of Miss Jane Pollock,' W. T. Musgrave. In Mr. Musgrave we have an aspirant to fame, and no mean one in this walk of Art; his experience has been but of very short duration, while his progress has been great, as shown in this portrait, which is well drawn, clearly and cleverly painted, and it is given with a fine air of reality; he has also a number of other portraits, all meritorious and of good promise. No. 505. 'The Coliseum,' C. H. Wilson, A. A clever drawing, the painting of the architecture is true and beautiful; the figures in the foreground are too large, and have the effect of detracting from the magnitude of the building. 513. 'Ponte della Carrara, and part of Florence,' by the same. It would be unjust to omit mentioning Mr. J. Fead, who exhibits several miniature portraits of much excellence. W. Essex has some very beautiful enamels here, in particular that of 'Sancho Panza' after Wilkie, is very fine, and conveys the peculiarities of that great artist's manner with much truth; his enamelled portrait of Wilkie is also very fine, it is richly imbued with character, and possesses great brilliancy of colour.

Of the SCULPTURE we cannot say much, there is but little of it, and that little is principally busts, some of which, however, are very good. The artist of the best one we cannot name, as it is not catalogued; this is a neglect which certainly ought not to have occurred. There is a fine old head in marble by Steele; a marble bust by Park, the drapery and shoulders of which are so gigantic as to lead to the belief that his choice has been dictated by the size of his marble. Scouler has contributed a very fine marble statue of Narcissus, which is so placed, although the principal piece of sculpture, as to make it impossible to see the face, a very tantalizing circumstance, as it seems a fine one. There are also some good little groups by Alex. H. Ritchie and W. C. Marshall, but they are all so disposed as to defy criticism; and under such circumstances any attempt to make remarks would be ridiculous: we must, therefore, take our leave of them for the present, hoping to meet them under more auspicious favour next time.

In such a review as this, it is neither possible, nor indeed desirable, that every work should be noticed; we have been guided generally, as far as our judgment goes, by the principle of selecting the best of those exhibited, where that could be done, which we are afraid could not always be the case, as some apparently good works are placed beyond reach of the eye, and have been, consequently of necessity, omitted in the review. Our remarks, although to some they may have appeared harsh, have been dictated by a very opposite cause than any wish to detract from merit; on the contrary, we have lost no instance of commendation where we could conscientiously award it, and where censure has been bestowed, the love of Art must plead our apology in opposition to private predilection. With these concluding observations we close, hoping, that when next called on to notice the Academy's exhibition, we shall have much more to praise, and little or nothing censure.

## THE GLASGOW STATUE.

Meeting of the Sub-Committee of the Wellington Memorial, April 14, 1841.

We again call the attention of our readers to the resumption of the strange proceedings at Glasgow, where, from the details which it is now in our power to subjoin, it will be seen that the sub-committee have advanced a step farther in their warfare upon the arts and artists of their country. Although reporters were not admitted to the meeting of the 14th April, the subjoined sketch of the proceedings has been supplied to the Glasgow papers:—

The meeting consisted of the following gentlemen:—The Convener of the Committee (Mr. Stevenson Daighish), the Sub-Convener (Mr. Archibald M'Lellan), Lord Bellhaven, the Lord Provost, Sheriff Alison, Mr. Wm. Stirling, Mr. George M'Intosh, Mr. James Campbell, Mr. Charles Hutchison, Mr. Kirkman Finlay, Mr. John Houldsworth, Mr. Wm. Leckie Ewing, Mr. Michael Rowand, Mr. Robert Findlay, Mr. Henry Dunlop, Mr. W. M. Alexander, and Mr. Robert Lamond, Secretary.

The Chairman read the following letter:—

"To the Convener of the Wellington Committee.

"Sir,—To prevent conflicting statements of the business which may be transacted at the meeting of the Wellington Committee on Wednesday next, and in order that the subscribers and the public may get that information, which in our opinion they have a right to receive, we beg that you will have the kindness to instruct the Secretary to intimate the meeting to the Editors or Reporters of at least three of the Glasgow Newspapers, and request him to make the necessary arrangement for their accommodation, should they attend. (Signed)

"WM. LUCKIE EWING,

"GEORGE M'INTOSH,

"ARCHIBALD M'LELLAN."

The CONVENER stated, that he did not conceive that he had any authority to ask reporters to attend this meeting, or that the public had any thing to do with their deliberations.

The SUB-CONVENER asked by whose authority reporters had attended former meetings of the Subscribers, of the General Committee, and occasionally of the Sub-Committee; he denied that the meeting was private, or ought to be private, and that the public, and particularly the subscribers, had a right not only to know the result, but the means which were used by a portion of the Committee to produce these results.

Mr. KIRKMAN FINLAY and Mr. ALEXANDER spoke strongly against the admission of Reporters, on the ground of delicacy to the Artists, whose merits they were to consider, and "Exclude," or "Admit," being put to the vote, the following gentlemen voted in favour of admission:—Provost Campbell, Sheriff Alison, the Sub-Convener, Mr. George M'Intosh, Mr. Wm. Stirling, Mr. Wm. Leckie Ewing, Mr. Charles Hutchison. The majority carried the vote of exclusion.

The CONVENER now rose and said, that he hoped gentlemen would not themselves report the proceedings of the Committee. The Sub-Convener replied, that he would obey no such injunction, and would exercise his own discretion in the matter, and would give to the subscribers and the public whatever information regarding the means used to operate upon the Committee, which he might consider they were entitled to possess.

Mr. WM. STIRLING asked the Chairman by what authority the meeting had been convened to "determine" upon letters and communications from Italian, German, and English artists, which the Committee would now hear read for the first time, and to determine upon prints, casts, models, and busts, which they had never before seen. Mr. W. L. Ewing, Mr. M'Intosh, and the Sub-Convener, supported Mr. Stirling. Sheriff Alison and Mr. Kirkman Finlay defended the circular; and Mr. Stirling protested against the meeting being coerced into a decision by any circular such as the one he now objected to.

Mr. GEORGE M'INTOSH now moved that the former recommendation of the Sub-Committee in favour of Marochetti, which stood uncancelled in the books, should be expunged, in order that it might be distinctly understood that no Member of the Committee was bound by that resolution to vote for Marochetti.

Mr. Kirkman Finlay and Sheriff Alison called Mr. M'Intosh to order, and insisted that the minute of last meeting be first read. To this Mr. M'Intosh assented, and the minute was read accordingly.

The Secretary was now proceeding to read the letters which he had received from the artists, when Mr. M'Intosh begged that his motion might be entertained. After a further struggle for its postponement, Sheriff Alison rose and proposed an amendment to the following effect:—

"That this meeting had no power to cancel a former resolution of the Sub-Committee; that the recommendation of Marochetti had been virtually expunged by the General Committee, and that every member should be held at liberty to vote for what sculptor he chose. And he now also moved, that the Baron Marochetti be employed to make a model and bust of the statue of the Duke."

The Sheriff, after a long debate, separated his amend-

ment to Mr. M'Intosh's motion from the substantive motion in favour of Marochetti, with which he had concluded, and on the vote being taken the Sheriff's amendment was carried.

The Sheriff now brought forward his motion "That Marochetti be employed as Sculptor of the model of the Glasgow Wellington Memorial." Upon this the Sub-convenor proposed the following amendment:—

"That a Committee be appointed, composed of six gentlemen, members of this Committee, to investigate and report.

"First—Upon the competency of the British School of Sculpture to execute, in the very highest style of art, an Equestrian Statue of his Grace the Duke of Wellington.

"Second—Whether the living British Sculptors, in respect to the execution of this commission, be inferior to those upon the Continent or not.

"Third—Whether the first resolution of the general Committee can be legally implemented by any Sculptor but those who have modelled the Duke of Wellington in the prime of his life.

"Fourth—Whether the Acts of Parliament passed in the reigns of George the Third and George the Fourth, for the protection of Pictures, Models, and Designs produced by British Artists, do or do not exclude from this country the works of foreigners or others, executed abroad, confessedly copied from or founded upon, those pictures, models, or designs.

"Fifth—That the whole of the letters now read, and every document bearing on the question of the selection of the artist, now in the possession of the Committee, or any member thereof, or which they may yet receive, be placed in the hands of the Committee now moved for, and that it be empowered to take legal advice or any steps which shall appear to its members to be necessary to place before this Committee full and satisfactory answers to these questions." He also begged of the Committee to consider what they were doing, in thus, in defiance of common decency, coming to a decision upon the numerous communications, which had been so hurriedly read to them, from the most eminent British and Foreign Sculptors, the latter of whose letters were evidently loosely, and it might be, inaccurately translated, and without giving to those important communications a moment's consideration, or bestowing the slightest attention upon the models of Mr. Wyatt, or the bust by Mr. Campbell, who, together with the other eminent men with whom the Committee had corresponded, had been put to no small trouble, their time occupied, their hopes excited, and their attention distracted, by this Committee, believing that their respective merits would have a fair, a deliberate, and an impartial consideration.

Mr. CHARLES HUTCHISON expressed in strong terms his disapprobation of the Sheriff's motion, and of the trifling models exhibited by Marochetti.

Messrs. Stirling, Ewing, and M'Intosh, strongly censured the indecency of coming to so hasty a decision, particularly after the Convenor had allowed months to elapse without bringing the Committee together.

The vote was then taken upon the Sub-Convenor's amendment, which was rejected.

Mr. STIRLING now rose and proposed an adjournment for a fortnight. This amendment was also rejected by the casting vote of the Convenor.

Mr. W. L. EWING then moved that a model be taken from Wyatt or some other eminent British sculptor.

After some discussion, this amendment was withdrawn, when the Sub-Convenor moved that, as the Sheriff and the Convenor had of their own authority already procured a model of the Duke by Marochetti, which model was now in Mr. Banks's in London, "That each member of the Committee be at equal liberty to place before this Committee models or designs from any of the artists named by the Committee."

On this amendment being proposed, Mr. Kirkman Finlay rose and moved an adjournment. To this the Sub-Convenor consented, and another meeting was fixed for Wednesday next at twelve o'clock.

On the 21st, accordingly, the Sub-Committee again found themselves assembled, to resume the consideration of Mr. Alison's motion "To prefer the Baron Marochetti as the artist to whom the preparing of a model of the equestrian statue to his Grace the Duke of Wellington be entrusted."

The members of the Sub-Committee assembled on this occasion were:—The Duke of Hamilton, Viscount Kelburn, Lord Belhaven, Provost Campbell, Principal Macfarlan, Mr. Houston, M.P., Mr. Kirkman Finlay, Mr. M. Rowand, Mr. James Campbell, Mr. William Stirling, Mr. George M'Intosh, Mr. W. L. Ewing, Mr. Robert Findlay, Mr. John Houldsworth, Sheriff Alison, Mr. Charles Hutchinson, Mr. Stevenson Dalglash (the Convenor), Mr. Archibald M'Lellan (the Sub-Convenor), Mr. Robert Lamond (Secretary), and Mr. Hope.

The Duke of Hamilton addressed the meeting at considerable length in favour of Baron Marochetti; and upon Sheriff Alison again moving that the Baron should be preferred for the work, his motion was seconded by Mr. Michael Rowand. Mr. Houston, M.P., then moved, as an amendment, that Mr. Gibson should be substituted in the place of the Baron Marochetti, and upon his motion being seconded by Mr. W. L. Ewing, and the vote taken, the numbers stood as follows:—

For the Baron Marochetti:—Lord Belhaven, Lord

Kelburn, The Lord Provost, Sheriff Alison, Mr. K. Finlay, Mr. Robert Findlay, Mr. Hope, Mr. M. Rowand, Mr. James Campbell, Mr. John Houldsworth, Mr. Stevenson Dalglash.

For Mr. Gibson:—Principal Macfarlan, Mr. Houston, Mr. William Stirling, Mr. Geo. M'Intosh, Mr. W. Leckie Ewing, Mr. M'Lellan, Mr. Charles Hutchinson. The Duke of Hamilton declined to vote.

Mr. M'Lellan then proposed, as a second amendment, upon the Sheriff's motion in favour of Marochetti: "That Sir Francis Chantrey should be preferred as the artist." It was here argued by Lord Belhaven, Mr. Kirkman Finlay, and the Convenor, that the loss of Mr. Houston's motion was decisive of the question, whilst Lord Kelburn, equally stoutly, advocated the competency of the meeting to entertain Mr. M'Lellan's motion; and after some very warm discussion, and the motion being seconded by Mr. George M'Intosh, it was finally put to the vote with the following result.

For the Baron Marochetti:—Lord Belhaven, Lord Kelburn, the Lord Provost, Sheriff Alison, Mr. K. Finlay, Mr. Robert Findlay, Mr. Hope, Mr. M. Rowand, Mr. James Campbell, Mr. John Houldsworth, Mr. Stevenson Dalglash.

For Sir Francis Chantrey:—Mr. M'Lellan, Mr. William Stirling, Mr. W. Leckie Ewing, Mr. George Mackintosh, Mr. Charles Hutchinson.

The Duke of Hamilton, Principal Macfarlan, and Mr. Houston, M.P., declined to vote; and the Lord Provost, seconded by Lord Belhaven, then moved, "That Marochetti be instructed to proceed with his model." On this, Mr. Stirling entered a protest of considerable length, stating, that he believed it to be more congenial to the British feeling of the Duke of Wellington that a native artist should be employed, as also more in accordance with the wishes and expectations of an overwhelming majority of the subscribers, and more consistent with our national character and the patriotic feelings of the originators of the Wellington Testimonial; pointing out also the incongruity of the same artist being employed to commemorate both the victor and the vanquished. He said that to have the best work, the artist should not only understand British character, but be acquainted with the life and career of our own illustrious Duke, from the time he took the field in India up to the present day. Mr. Stirling also stated that, in his opinion, the Baron Marochetti was guilty of great presumption, or in utter ignorance of what is expected from him, because he offered to erect the Wellington Memorial in Glasgow in eighteen months, although our native artists, who must be already much better furnished with information and materials, require three or four years to execute such a work; and that we have among ourselves artists not only better qualified to do justice to this National Testimonial, but to any other general subject of Art; and, therefore, by employing the Baron Marochetti, the Committee cast an undeserved reproach on the artists of our country. Mr. Stirling also objected to the Baron, because he has in some manner thrust upon the Committee an un-called-for model, and because he has had an undue advantage over the other artists as to correspondence; and because, although the Committee have had considerable time, they have not had sufficient opportunities to inform themselves of his merits, inasmuch as it was only at the last meeting that two additional letters of his were read in a rapid manner to the Committee; which letters were not originally distinctly expressed, or not correctly translated. Finally, Mr. S. objected to the Baron because he cannot be employed agreeably to the instructions of the General Committee, and he cannot erect the monument in Glasgow without being guilty of plagiarism, and of acting contrary to the spirit, if not the letter, of the British Law.—To this protest Messrs. M'Intosh, W. L. Ewing, and M'Lellan, adhered.

We have heard not a little of the tone and temper in which these proceedings have been carried on, and of the influences to which it has been thought proper to render them subject; but it is the character of the circumstances in question, as the same has more immediately been accessible to the public eye, to which alone we feel disposed to direct attention. In the first place, then, it appears that a majority of this sub-committee insist upon carrying on their proceedings in a species of secret conclave, in which gentlemen who differ in opinion with the majority, are not even to be permitted to tell their constituents and the public that they are not guilty of actions of which they are ashamed. The plea of delicacy to the artists whose merits they may discuss, is assigned as the cause of this secrecy: whilst, at the same time, they insult and malign the whole body of British artists by declaring their preference for an unknown foreigner, alike destitute of talents and reputation. The only intelligible motive to be assigned for this desire for secrecy, is that of a fear to appear openly to the public as the supporters of Marochetti; and, as it were, to compel their opponents to share the obloquy of such proceedings from a concealment of the opinions and state of voting of both parties. In the face of their own act in ex-

cluding reporters, the Marochettites were vehement in denunciation of alleged inaccuracy in the newspaper reports of the meeting of the 14th, as if it were possible to insure complete accuracy from the reporting of gentlemen engaged at the same time in discussing the questions under consideration. A striking instance of this occurred at the meeting of the 21st, when, upon some opposition being offered by Mr. M'Intosh as to the terms of Sheriff Alison's motion differing from that which he had proposed at the meeting of the 14th, and to consider which the meeting stood adjourned, the Sheriff and Mr. Secretary Lamont both declared, that from the confusion which prevailed it was impossible to note the sheriff's motion accurately; and the result was that the sheriff was permitted to adopt, avowedly, a new motion at the meeting of the 21st. Lord Belhaven also, at this meeting, characterized the meeting as a public meeting, although at the meeting of the 14th, he had stated as his reason for his wish to exclude reporters, that the meeting was altogether private. In a similar spirit of consistency, Mr. Kirkman Finlay, at the meeting of the 14th, voted against Mr. Stirling's motion for an adjournment; and, in a few minutes afterwards, himself proposed a motion for adjournment, which was carried!

We have nothing to add to these painful details except that, in the room in which the committee assembled, were a number of models and drawings by Marochetti, which Mr. Charles Hutchinson justly denounced as the veriest trash which he had ever had the opportunity of seeing: one of these was a sort of costume carving of Buonaparte; another a Turkish figure seated beside a dead horse, and whether it was intended to represent a "knacker," or the son of the Grand Turk renowned in Molière's "Bourgeois Gentilhomme," and to whom our friend Monsieur Jourdain, in his love for foreigners, insists upon espousing his daughter, was a question which the meeting did not pretend to decide. A third was a lackadaisical figure of an old gentleman seated in an arm chair, which some of the members took for a statue of Mr. Banks, of Corfe Castle, late M.P. for Dorsetshire, who, it appeared in the course of these proceedings, had been mainly instrumental in forcing the Baron Marochetti upon the good people of Glasgow. The others were like nothing in the heavens above, or the earth below.

The question, however, would now appear to resolve itself into a narrow compass, and to be simply this—what is the construction to be put upon the Acts 54, c. 56, of George III., and of 6, c. 109, George IV., and whether, if our custom-house authorities do their duty, the bust of the Duke of Wellington, ordered by this Glasgow Committee, can, under these Acts, reach its destination?

The allegation urged in opposition to Mr. M'Intosh's motion, for rescinding the recommendation of Marochetti, which stood on the books of the Committee, to the effect that the Committee had not, like other bodies, the power to rescind its own resolutions, appears about the most singular and puerile which it is possible to imagine!

At these committee-meetings we have also heard it reported, that letters from the Baron Marochetti were read, suggesting the adoption of allegorical *basso-relievo*s on the pedestal of the Glasgow Statue. Now, we are by no means disposed to adopt what may be termed *ultra purist* taste in all such matters of sculptural detail; but we believe that many persons will be disposed to doubt the propriety of introducing any such allegorical representations in a case of the kind. Be this as it may, however, as we know that the Glasgow committee have determined upon the introduction of these representations on the pedestal of their statue; we trust we may express the hope that the figures in question may not be mere vague and meaningless generalities, winged Victories, and impersonifications of Concord, but such as bear pointed and manifest allusion to the deeds of the hero whom the monument is intended to commemorate. We have an example of this style of allegory in the celebrated pillar of Trajan, of which the historian, Gibbon, says, in reference to its condition at the time he wrote, "This column, which still subsists in its ancient beauty, exhibited an exact representation of the Dacian

victories of its founder. The veteran soldier contemplated the story of his own campaigns, and by an easy illusion of national vanity, the peaceful citizen associated himself to the honours of the triumph." In the column in the Place Vendôme, in Paris, the French have adopted the same style of allegory; and it exhibits an exact representation of the victories of its founder over the English, Austrians, Russians, Prussians, and Spaniards; and the occupation, by his armies, of the various capitals of Europe. In their coinage, the Romans carried out the same system; and *Dacia capta, Iberia capta*, and various other captures and conquests, meet our eyes on coins and medals, not alone in the form of allegories, but in most intelligible Roman capital letters; and the well-known Napoleon medals are about as conspicuous an instance in point, as any to which we can allude. We trust, therefore, that our Glasgow friends will not allow themselves to be "fobbed off" in this matter, nor go hand in hand with their Italian *protégé* in purloining from the duke any portion of his renown, otherwise they will have on their pedestal, Waterloo represented as a defeat, and the occupation of Paris so far in the back ground as to be ought of sight. Indeed, "if aw' be true we hear" on this subject, the baron has already shown the cloven foot in his letters; he talks, for example, of the duke as differing from other great warriors in being the great pacificator of Europe! this is true, and all very well; but did it not occur to the baron that in this feature of his character, the duke bore a resemblance to Alexander? Thus it was when no longer any enemies remained for him to conquer, that he gave peace to the world; not that we mean to compare, in other respects, the unprincipled Macedonian with his Grace. It seems that Baron Marochetti also thinks that the duke resembles other great commanders in having sometimes overcome his opponents, now here we also differ in opinion from the baron, for the duke did not sometimes overcome his opponents, but he always overcame them! In this case, is it that the baron mistakes the meaning of language, or the character of the duke? for really the difference between *sometimes* and *always* appears to us calculated to be rather important in forming a just or an exact appreciation of an individual's character and exploits. Why, under these circumstances, did no gentleman rise and move, that since a majority of the committee had resolved to adopt the allegorical representations proposed by Baron Marochetti to decorate the pedestal of the statue of the Duke of Wellington, that this sub-committee require in any such representations that after the manner of Trajan's Column, and the Column of the Place Vendôme, that pointed and unequivocal allusion be made to the achievements of the Duke of Wellington, including his victories and conquests in India, the Peninsula, France, and elsewhere, and in particular to the victories of Thoulouse and Waterloo, and the occupation of Paris by the British forces? We suspect the baron would feel himself in a still more perplexing dilemma than did the mighty minstrel, when he sung of the Flodden Field, exclaiming:—

"Alas! that Scottish maid should sing  
The combat where her lover fell,  
That Scottish bard should wake the string  
The triumph of our foes to tell!"

SIR,  
I had the honour to send you a note during the month of March, relative to the Glasgow Statue in Memorial of the Duke of Wellington. I see it is decided that Marochetti shall be employed. Now, Sir, if this be true, where is British patriotism, national feeling, and common sense? The love of one's country and its home ought to be the next feeling to the love of God.

Common sense induces us to look for the best in all that it may concern us to require: in this instance, then, with great respect to Marochetti's work at Turin, the horse is inferior to Wyatt's, in Cockspur-street; and the whole, as a dignified statue and representation of a hero, is in no way to be compared with Chantrey's equestrian statue, one of calm dignity and indicative of reflecting and commanding power.

If Sheriff Alison thinks to raise himself by such a proposition, he had better turn to his Homer, and to a line to which I am sure his parent would have directed his attention—

"*καὶ τε πολεῖς εὐαρστε, μαλιστα δε κ' αυτος ανέγυν.*"

IA N 734.  
Yours, &c. M. M.

THE ARTIST:  
A-SERIES OF SKETCHES FROM THE LIFE.  
By MRS. S. C. HALL.

CHAPTER IV.

The cottager's wife, beautiful though she was, did not, happily for herself, possess a higher order of mind than her husband; but her tastes and manners were more refined. I hope that none will sneer at the notion of a cottager's wife possessing taste and refinement: I have spoken of them only with reference to her husband; though I would have it remembered, there is a wide difference between vulgarity and rusticity, and that what is called "good manners," is frequently nothing more than the etiquette of a *clique*.

Mrs. Birch, or "Kate," as her husband called her, astonished and looked confused when she saw the sketch; "the baby was so like—he had quite nose enough—but as for herself, she was never like that, she was quite sure—she never was so handsome;" and her husband, upon this, kissed her so that she blushed, and said "For shame!" and he as instantly exclaimed, "Bless thee, Kate! if thee'd not ha' been the prettiest girl in the parish, thee'd never ha' had such a many sweethearts." This made her blush still more, and blushes are the light of beauty; and then she placed an old oak chair for the young artist, with that reverence of manner which is the purest homage that nature can render; and then she made her husband "poke" his great hard finger into the baby's mouth, to feel for a tooth he had (his mother said) cut that morning; and which the good man thought he felt, and expressed as much pleasure and triumph therat, as if the tooth owed its appearance to his own individual skill. The boy did not resent the intrusion, but crowed and laughed; and the artist was requested by the father to feel how heavy he was, while the mother gently held him back, saying, "young gentlemen were not fond of babies."

"I tell thee, Kate," said the hearty peasant, "he bean't a young gentleman—I mean, he bean't like them young gentlemen that see nothing in natur' worth looking at, but a covey of partridges—didn't he pictur the boy—and doan't thee tell me but he'd loike to know his weight?"

Hamilton really thought the infant the most heavy creature he had ever felt, and the father was perfectly satisfied—the mother looked pleased, but said little, while her husband laughed and talked with the frank manner of an honest hearted man, who is not troubled with a very high or delicate appreciation of the society he is in. He pinned Hamilton's sketch against the wall, and his bright, clear, open eye constantly glanced from it to his wife—the boy was already asleep in his cradle—the clock of the village church struck ten—it was sufficiently distant from the cottage to render the deep-toned voice of Time one of solemn, yet sweet music—and yet he told the youth that, penniless as he was, he ought to depart: the cheerful content of the humble pair had well nigh astonished one who had associated—in the high ways of the world—the dazzling glare of ambition with happiness. As the last stroke cleaved the air, he arose, but the strong hand of Thomas Birch was upon him. "Not a foot—if thee'll put up with our homely ways—thy bed is ready, and thou'rt welcome."

"Sir," said the gentle Kate, "if you'll excuse the homeliness, I'm sure there is not a better bed at the little inn; and my husband will show you things to-morrow better worth picturing than this cottage. Do, Sir, stay—we call it Mother's room—Thomas built it—that, when she comes, I might know she was under our roof."

"Ay!" added the husband, "and he'll sleep none the worse in it, Kate, because it has been often blessed by her prayers." The artist sat down, and, after a minute's pause, Thomas Birch stretched out his arm, and took a Bible from the shelf: his wife looked at him, as well as to say, "Wait!" and then said aloud, "Perhaps the young gentleman would like to go to bed now?"

"As he pleases," replied the peasant, placing the unopened book before him: "My father used to say, gentle and simple, peer and peasant, must come to this—I bean't a good scholar, but

I can read my father's Bible. I do not ask you to stay, Sir—only just do as you loike."

Hamilton expressed his desire to remain. He had heard that Infidelity had succeeded Ignorance, and that the cottages of England were no longer temples where the peasant desired the presence of his Creator. He had heard fearful things—and some of them were true; but he had to learn that there are thousands upon thousands of high-souled, right-headed men in this country, steadfast, and true in the clear path—fervent and faithful—whose lives are as a lesson-book for those who wish to read the truth—that simple, unostentatious piety, thrives by the way-sides. I have seen many like Kate and her husband, and hope, ere long, to see many more; though the din and turmoil of the busy city is not so in harmony with their lives as the calm and pleasant country, where Nature is ever at hand—sweet, gentle monotony!—to set the thoughtless thinking, and the wrong-thinking right.

Thomas Birch's pronunciation was none of the purest, and he made some blunders which might have excited a smile, had it not been for the deep earnestness of his voice and aspect. The shape of his well-formed head, and its massive features, accorded well with his athletic frame; and yet it was evident that every fibre yielded to the written word. The exceeding beauty of his wife, whose attention was evidently divided between her desire to profit by the chapter and watch her child, who tossed his rosy arms more than once, as if his sleep was restless—the group altogether was one Hamilton longed to, yet dared not, sketch, for he saw that Birch exacted attention for the love of what he read.

When the book was closed, Kate went to the cradle.

"Ah, lass!" said her husband, "the boy must not stay here while I read, another night. I warrant me, you were thinking more of him than of the word."

"No," she replied; "though—bless him, Thomas, he is wide awake now—though I do not deny I was thinking how much I should like—"

"Well, lass, speak out."

"If it was God's will, just to live to see him parish clerk."

"Now, there it is Kate!—I wonder you don't wish to see him Parson at once. Then must curb ambition, wife—though I own I should like to hear him giving out the Hundred-and-twenty-second—it would be great thing, to be sure!—and who knows—who knows what may come in the end?"

"We have all our ambitions," thought Hamilton, as he sat by the bed-side in the little room, which the kind-hearted labourer had built, that his wife's mother might enjoy the tranquillity of sleeping beneath her child's roof: "We have all our ambitions—but what a poor one, to desire her boy to grow to be parish clerk. Still it may be a great ambition, according to her means. And what a disturber that same ambition is of the soberities and realities of life!—what an inciter to great things!—how long and how steadily does it proceed—silently and determinedly—the undercurrent of all our actions; until, in strong soils, gaining strength by opposition, it bursts forth—while the world wonders how it came, and whence it came—while on it goes, carrying its originator, in the full glare of light, to fame, to fortune, and—death! And yet, what would man be without it? It raises him above himself—above the paltriness and littleness of that life—which, far from being his end, is only his beginning!"

Youth is seldom long given to philosophy! Hamilton could have smiled at the anxiety with which he had calculated, during the past day, upon how he was to subsist—where he was to sleep. It is almost impossible to resist the healthful influence of cheerful and contented minds! And never in past times, when pillowed upon down and curtained by damask, had he slept more profoundly than beneath the humble roof of an English yeoman. Very early in the morning, even before the earliest cock had crowed, Hamilton was awake by a noise as if some one was creeping round the house outside, pausing every now and then, and managing to do something with as little bustle as possible,—always a sure way to create attention. Still the artist was too sleepy to conjecture more than

that an animal might be browsing unceremoniously upon the roses which he had observed in the twilight wreathing so luxuriantly over the walls. When he really awoke, the sun was high in the heavens—the breakfast ready—Kate smiling at her baby, and her baby at her. “It was so lucky,” she said, “Thomas had always two days in the week for his little farm and garden, and this was one, and he had managed to get every thing so neat; if the young gentleman would only step outside and look at the cottage now, it was better worth putting in a picture, ten times over, than ever it had been before.

Hamilton *did* look; and oh! what a change! the woodbines and trailing roses that grew so wood-wild had been pruned and trimmed, and nailed to the walls, which had been white-washed—*ay*, made as clean as a sheet of Bath post. The cottage was a model of English neatness, but its picturesque beauty was gone; the very Eglantine was threaded out in straight lines, and the Virginia creeper, which here and there had changed a little so as to introduce a warm tone amid the light foliage, was picked away, because it would not be controlled.

“Ah, ah! lad, there’s an improvement,” said Thomas Birch, rubbing his hands with great glee; “saw thee ever more than that? I began it by moonlight—yet I did not disturb thee. I’ve scraped the *toiles* too; now they’re all one colour, and as red as a cherry, ah, ah!” And his glee, like the glee of an elephant, was very ungainly, and yet so jovial, so earnest, that the gentle-hearted artist could not hint even that he had completely destroyed his subject. “Now,” he continued, “Kate will not look like an owl in an ivy-bush—I cut all that clean away. I was resolved thee should have fair play, so that the ‘squire and madam, and Miss Blanche, should know it; and now take breakfast, and eat hearty. I wish, dear heart! I could see thee stout and jovial, loike myself; and make haste lad, for I’ve a deal to show thee. I loike to watch thee take down the things—it’s the greatest cur’osity I’ve seen for many a day, that’s what is—Lor, I never gave a thought before to how pictures were made—eh! but I wish my boy were old enough to learn—it would be better than being parish clerk.”

“Not so profitable, perhaps,” was Hamilton’s merk answer. It would be impossible to convey an idea of the expression of intense interest which softened the features of the sturdy peasant as he followed the young artist into the cottage; he observed him for some time silently, and then, after a certain quantity of whispering had passed between him and his wife, he left Hamilton to finish his breakfast, which in truth he did quickly, for the immediate cravings of hunger being satisfied, he be思tought him that he had no means of recompensing the cottagers, and this certainty sent a warm uncomfortable flush to his cheek. One of the most beautiful points in Hamilton’s character was his straightforward truthfulness. He was proud, but his pride lay in truth; and no one being *really* poor ever confessed to poverty in England without feeling a thrill of shame.

“Pray eat, Sir,” said Mrs. Birch: “do, Sir; it is but humble, but its wholesome; I made that loaf myself.”

“It is too good for me,” replied the young man, “for I have not the means of paying for it. I will finish the drawing you both seem pleased with, and that may remunerate you in some degree. When better times come, I will pay you all.”

“The little we can do, we do not want payment for,” she replied; “though of course a gentleman would not like to feel obliged to the poor. The picture, Sir, must be worth a deal of money: I have one not half so big that cost mother ten shillings. Pray, Sir, do not make me feel that I have no way of paying you.”

Mrs. Birch’s tact was as admirable as her feelings were kind, and that is what no one can learn or teach. In a few minutes Hamilton was working at the drawing, much to her delight.

The farmer had gone his way towards the patriarchal abode of the ‘squire, an upright benevolent old gentleman, who prided himself upon doing and thinking exactly as his ancestors had done before him.

## OBITUARY.

### MR. RICHARD DAGLEY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ART-UNION.

DEAR SIR.—You have requested me to furnish you with any recollections I may have of my late dear and highly valued friend, Mr. Dagley, and I gladly comply with your desire, because it is a pleasure to recall to memory so good and amiable a man, even whilst we selfishly lament the loss of his society and his friendship.

I have known him intimately 32 years, but as that does not include any portion of his early life, I can only refer to what I have casually gathered in conversation. Himself and two brothers were left orphans when very young, and he was placed, by the kindness of friends, in Christ’s Hospital. He spoke of the late Mr. Walker (the engraver of Stoddart’s view of the interior of that noble charity), Mr. Parsons, a Russia merchant, and one or two others as contemporaries; remembered Charles Lamb and his aunt’s good baskets, and classed Coleridge as one of the young fry who went about the time when he came out. Having

a decided taste for fine art, and being a delicate child, he was apprenticed to Mr. Cousins, jeweller and watchmaker, which business then included gold-chasing and the painting of ornaments and miniatures for bracelets. His fine taste and unremitting industry rendered him, undoubtedly, a valuable servant; for he married one of his master’s daughters before he was of age, and it was, undoubtedly, with his consent, though it could hardly have been the result of his judgment, since Dagley could have no provision for a matrimonial home; and as this union produced ten children, of which one alone remains, and the most of whom lived for several years; unquestionably there were experienced by them long seasons of anxiety, and painful prospects of poverty—bearings and burials, doctors and nurses, hovered like demons o’er the dwelling of “young love,” but the window was never opened for his escape. Whatever might be the trials of the times, perfect confidence, unceasing industry, and untiring affection bore them through all. Mrs. Dagley was a woman whom to know was to love; she was cheerful, gentle, of active kindness and sound understanding, and therefore well calculated to endure the evils inseparable from the wife of an artist; and such, from the time he left Mr. Cousins, our friend desired to be considered.

At that time he was very intimate\* with the late Mr. Bone, R.A., and they were alike employed in enamelling views for the backs of ladies’ watches, eyes for rings and brooches (then a reigning fashion, and extremely profitable), together with small elegant designs (of mythological subjects principally) for bracelets. In pursuing these branches of art, Mr. Dagley became a good water-colour artist; but oil always foiled his attempts, and rendered many excellent designs, on various subjects, absolutely nugatory as works of art, the execution annulling the value of the conception. He read much and thought much, and thoroughly understood the style and merits of the painter he studied, whether ancient or modern. He became also a good medallist and published a work on gems, which brought his name advantageously before the public, which became still better known from his designs to “Flim-flams,” a work of the elder D’Israeli, of great attraction at the time.

That he should pursue fortune in some line distinct from that which had hitherto been his support became, in a few years, absolutely necessary, for fashion had decreed that ladies might neither wear bracelets nor watches, nor the eye of beauty beam from the hand of a beau; and I believe it was a desirable thing at the time, when he formed an engagement at Doncaster, with a lady who had a very excellent school, to become a drawing-master, and to which was shortly added pupils from the establishment of a D.D. who prepared a few young men for the university.

\* An intimacy not broken till the death of Mr. Bone; indeed, Mr. Dagley could not possibly lose a worthy friend, and it is certain he could never leave an unfortunate one. Walker, from severe necessity, was a frequent claimant on his little store; and when the unhappy man committed suicide from want, well do I remember Mr. Dagley exclaiming, “Oh! why did he not trouble us again, Mr. Hoffland?”

He brought hither one daughter, the sole survivor of his little train, and together with his wife, her younger sister, Miss Cousins; and a more cheerful, contented, unassuming, and intellectual family circle I have never known. Mr. Dagley’s society was much courted; his employers were generous and hospitable; but, alas! they were more willing to *give* than to *pay*, and the artist found it more difficult to live (according to his own ideas of honesty and regularity) now he was in possession of a regular, and what he deemed an handsome income, than he had been when soliciting employment for the exigencies of the day; and after the first four or five years had gone by, as difficulties increased with the extravagant, so did their consequences press upon the prudent and innocent, and it was only by keeping up a perpetual warfare that he could gain bread for his family in accepting small portions of large bills. He, however, acted firmly and wisely, and finally escaped with but little loss in the year 1815, being the only creditor of either party who came off tolerably; and returned to London.

Since then, he has lived in Earl’s-court-terrace, where Mr. Cousins, his father-in-law, joined him, a gentle, amiable old man, whose days, prolonged by the cares of his daughters, and him held dear as a son, exceeded 90. During the past 25 years, Mr. Dagley has been engaged in writing reviews of works of Art, and in making designs for various publications. He produced another volume of gems, enriched by the poetry of Dr. Croly. “Takings,” the illustrations of a humorous poem; “Death’s Doings,” a series of designs suggested by “Holbein’s Dance of Death,” each of which reached a second edition. He also wrote a catalogue raisonné of Mr. Vernon’s splendid gallery of modern pictures—made designs for his daughter’s pleasing books, and those of other writers, and was always alive to the interests of art and the welfare of artists, whom he assisted by judicious advice, friendly commendation, or valuable introduction. Every neighbour looked to his dwelling for help in the hour of sickness and sorrow—for the advice experience alone can supply—the prompt kindness, the ready help, which trebles the value of the gift. Dear old man! he could not draw from a full purse the means of relieving an impoverished widow, or finding an asylum for a deranged father; but he could and did (aged and shadowy as he was) walk miles and miles, taxing mind and means, to their utmost, to procure the aid required. In his humble dwelling there was but one heart, one mind; and the good which emanated thence, if it could be summed up, might surprise the dwellers in mighty mansions. Within a few months the breaking hearts of two dying parents\* were relieved by Mr. Dagley, or rather his daughter, consenting to become guardians to their little children, left destitute save for the small annuity allowed by Government. What a task was this to undertake! what a charity to perform!

Four or five years since, a neighbour to whom they had been invaluable, left to Miss Dagley £400 after the death of an invalid sister, whose income arose principally from the kindness of a wealthy brother. Within a short time afterwards this gentleman, a great merchant, sustained many losses and failed. The poor sister (a confirmed sufferer) was exceedingly distressed, her own income being utterly unequal to her absolute necessities. Mr. Dagley proposed immediately that the money left to his daughter should be sunk in order to help her income, and undertook to persuade several other legatees to be equally considerate, and as none of them made near so large a sacrifice this object was effected to the good man’s great satisfaction. When we remember his intense love and anxiety for his only child, how soon he must be taken from her, and how little, even with the utmost economy, he could endow her with, surely few more noble actions have ever dignified humanity? The lady on whose behalf it was made, refused to accept more than a part; and I trust the restoration of her brother (a man of tried probity) to his station in society, will soon render even that unnecessary.

Mr. Dagley was a pleasing writer, and a still more pleasing converser; he had some few “old gentlemanly” pronunciations, and occasionally a

\* Captain and Mrs. Bruce.

quaintness in his phraseology, that told well in his succinct relation of an anecdote, or reason for an opinion; but when his feelings were excited his language rose to eloquence. I trust I shall never forget the relation he gave me in the cholera time of Miss Agnes Jordan's heroic self-forgetfulness which has placed her in my memory "above all Greek, above all Roman fame," and recall sweet tears even now dropping to her honour—neither can I fail to remember, his partly humorous, yet truly affecting account of his meeting Mr. Parsons by appointment, whom he had not seen since they parted as boys at Christ's. His rapid survey of their far different fortunes; the exclamation on either side "Can that be Richard Dagley?"—"Is it possible you are Ned Parsons?" each longing to add "What an old fellow you are grown!" His reading the many cares in the rich man's countenance was, I well remember, wound up by grateful thanks to God that he had never moved out of his own quiet sphere.

If I have intruded too much, remember you invited a "garrulous" pen, and that a much better had traversed the ground before. It is difficult to be brief when both the heart and the eyes are overflowing.—Yours, &c. B. HOFLAND.

Hammersmith.

We add to this valuable touching and affectionate tribute to the merits and memory of Mr. Dagley, from the pen of Mrs. Hofland, a few lines on the same subject, contributed by her to the *Literary Gazette* :-

To the Memory of Mr. Richard Dagley, Artist.

Sincere and manly—void of strife and guile, Kind in thy frown, and honest in thy smile; To every sense of pure affection warm, Thy child life's treasure, and thy art its charm. Dagley, 'twas thine in these ambitious days To win the right, yet shun the need of praise; From probity's secure and modest way Too wise to soar, and far too good to stray. To friendship firm, to justice more than true, Thou gav'st to pity what to self was due. Uchill'd by age, unmov'd by booted fears, Thy latest act hath wiped the orphan's tears, Thy latest sigh to love and prayer was given, Death's gentle passport to the Christian's heaven.

ALEXANDER DAY, Esq., died at Chelsea, on the 11th of January last, in the ninety-sixth year of his age. To the rising school of art the name of this gentleman is but little known, although associated with the history of some of the most valuable works of the National Gallery. During the early part of his life he resided in Italy, whither he had repaired to indulge and cultivate a strong predilection for Art, which led him to pursue it in both forms—painting and sculpture—so diligently that in the former he at length excelled. He was for some years a prisoner in the hands of the French, during their war with the Neapolitans, but he nevertheless continued to labour in the prosecution of his art, and produced many medallions of great merit, which still enrich some of the best private collections in the country; for which they were purchased from the artist himself. The works of Mr. Day were not generally known, and his life, comprehending such a lengthened term of years, outran those of his early associates and friends; he stood, therefore, alone, the last of his time; and even during his latter life was spoken of, in reference to his works, as long since deceased. On his return to England he stamped his reputation as a connoisseur, by bringing with him some of the finest pictures in the National Gallery, viz.—"The Descent of Bacchus," by Titian, "Ganimede," and a "Venus and Adonis," by the same; "Portrait of Pope Pius," and "Portrait of St. Catherine," by Raffaelle; "Ecce Homo," by Corregio; "The Flight of St. Peter," by Carracci; "Land Storm," by Salvator Rosa; "Abraham and Isaac," by Gaspar Poussin; "St. Ambrose and the Emperor Theodosius," by Vandyke. On the occasion of the purchase of the Elgin Marbles, Mr. Day was, with some others of well-known reputation, summoned to give evidence before a committee of the House of Commons, which had been appointed to examine into the merits of these works; and this is the only instance in which his name was ever brought prominently before the public; no notice even of his death has, we believe, appeared in any journal; but this circumstance is attributable to the comparative seclusion of a period of life so unusually protracted as was his.

### THE ART-UNION OF LONDON.

Tuesday, April the 20th, was a gratifying day for the few individuals who, five years ago, at the expense of much time and exertion, founded the Art-Union of London, and have continued since then labouring zealously to advance its interests and increase its power of doing good. The Duke of Cambridge, the Marquis of Northampton, Sir Martin Archer Shee, President of the Royal Academy, Lord Roseberry, Mr. Ewart, M.P., Mr. Cabell, F.R.S.; Mr. W. Tooke, F.R.S.; Sir Benjamin Hall, M.P., and more than fifteen hundred of the most respectable people in London and its neighbourhood, met on that day at Willis's great room, St. James's, to receive the Report of the Committee, and to distribute the prizes. It may be well to remind our readers that the amount subscribed by this society in the first year of its existence, for the advancement of art, was £489. 6s.; in the second year, £757.; in the third, £1295. 14s.; and in the fourth, £2244. 18s.; in all cases nearly, but not quite doubling its revenue in each succeeding year. On the present occasion, however, the increase is even more striking still, the amount subscribed being £5610. 4s., or twice and a half times as much as it was last year. To this rapid and extraordinary increase, the Duke of Cambridge, on taking the chair, referred with evident gratification: he expressed his decided conviction that the association would be greatly conducive to the advancement of art in this country, and gave his warm approval of the principles on which the Committee regulated and carried it on. His Royal Highness stated, that he had the gratification some years ago of founding a similar society in Germany, and was fortunate enough on one occasion to obtain the chief prize, so that to this mode of obtaining pictures, he observed, he could not possibly express the least objection.

Mr. George Godwin, F.R.S., one of the honorary secretaries (and to whom, by the way, the Society is indebted for much exertion at the meeting), then read the report, from which it appeared that the sum collected, £5610. 4s. was appropriated thus, namely,

Expenses . . . . .	£ 634 11 7
For purchase of works of art,	3650 0 0
Reserved for engraving, &c.	1325 12 5

£ 5610 4 0

The sum of £3650 was allotted for the purchase of 133 works of art; namely, one of the value of £300, one £200, one £100, two of £80, two of £75, four of £60, and so on, progressively, to forty of £10 each.

Relative to the engraving, it was seen, that the Committee, anxious to prevent delay, and to distribute an engraving forthwith to the subscribers of the present year, had determined to suspend the regulation which provided that "the picture selected for engraving should be one purchased by the association;" and that they were endeavouring to obtain some unpublished plate worthy of the Society, which might at once be printed from. The Committee properly remarked, "they still consider it highly desirable that, whenever it is practicable, the picture to be engraved should be selected from those purchased by the prizeholders; but should it so happen that no picture of sufficient importance offered itself in this manner, while from other quarters one of first-rate excellence was obtainable, they consider they would be acting injudiciously alike for the interests of the members and the arts, were they to hesitate in adopting the latter. To perpetuate and disseminate mediocrity is surely not the purpose of the Art-Union of London."

After the reception of the Report (moved by Lord Northampton, and seconded by Mr. C. E. Michele), the drawing commenced, and continued for two hours—the mode of distribution being as follows:—Before the chairman was placed a book, containing an accurate alphabetical list of all the subscribers, numbered regularly (and according to the number of their chances) from 1 to 5298. Into a large wheel, provided for the purpose, scrutineers, appointed by the meeting, placed a round wooden tally for every member in the list, each being marked with a corresponding number to that against the name; so

that there were precisely the same number of tallies in the wheel as chances in the list. Into a second wheel they placed 193 tallies, the number of the prizes (sixty proofs of the engraving being added to the 133 works of art before alluded to), each tally representing a £10 prize, £50 prize, £100 prize, and so on, according as they were marked.

The wheels being turned, a lady deputed by the meeting drew a number from the larger wheel, and handed it to one of the committee, who announced it to the room. Mr. Godwin, then turning to the list, stated the name and address which appeared against that number; after which a second lady drew from the other wheel a tally, and handed it to Mr. Lewis Pocock, the other honorary secretary, who announced the value of the prize; and this was continued till the whole of the prizes were drawn. By this arrangement, which seemed to give universal satisfaction, the interest in the proceeding is maintained to the end, and as the address of the successful members is known even before the prize is declared no mistake is made to identify can occur.

The names of the principal prizeholders are as follow:—Mr. George Fry, £300; Mr. T. D. Light, £200; Mr. W. R. Stanton, £100; Rev. R. Roy, and Mr. W. J. Fry, £80 each; Mr. S. Angell, and Mr. C. Mc. Korkell, £75 each; Mr. T. Cammac, Mr. A. Cox, Mr. B. Leggett, and Mr. Robert Nunn, £60 each; Miss E. Buckle, Mr. G. Gaskell, Mr. Jules Godet, Miss Lovegrove, Mrs. Morrell, and Dr. Watmough, £50 each; Mr. C. Barton, Mr. John Bullock, Mr. R. Jarvis, Mr. C. Jones, Mr. E. Lomax, Mr. P. Long, Dr. Robertson, Mr. Edwin Shaw, Mr. G. Wartnaby, and Mr. J. Smalman, £40 each; Mr. John Ball, Mr. John Clow, Lord Colborne, Mr. Charles Compton, the Honourable Edward Curzon, Dr. Gardner, Mr. C. Hage, Mr. G. Scamell, Mr. R. Thackthwaite, and Mr. J. S. Wreford, £30 each; Mr. T. Austin, Mr. John Bothams, Mr. P. Brocklehurst, Mr. H. Brown, Mr. R. S. Cox, Mr. W. Egley, Mr. Charles Goodwyn, Mr. W. Hanley, Mr. T. Harper, Mr. W. Larkworthy, Lieut.-Col. Robinson, Mr. R. Sale, Mr. James Shaw, Mr. C. Stevens, Mr. John Trapp, and Mr. E. N. Winstanley, £25 each; &c., &c.

Mr. Henry Wilkinson moved, and Mr. Erasmus Wilson seconded, from the body of the meeting, a vote of thanks to the committee, with a request that they would continue in office, on the ground that each year's experience was increasing their efficiency. The Duke having quitted the chair, the Marquis of Northampton was called to it; and it was moved by Mr. B. Bond Cabell, seconded by Sir M. Archer Shee, and carried by acclamation, that the thanks of the meeting were eminently due to His Royal Highness for his gracious conduct in the chair. Mr. Cabell informed the meeting that His Highness had kindly accepted the office of President of the Art-Union—an announcement which was received with loud applause. A cordial vote of thanks to Messrs. Godwin and Pocock was then carried, and the meeting separated without the expression of a dissentient opinion, or the occurrence of a single circumstance to interfere with its harmony and good feeling. We may safely say that we never saw proceedings better managed, or so large an assemblage acting with so good a spirit.

The Report of the Committee, when printed, will doubtless come into the hands of the majority of our readers; nevertheless we cannot avoid fore-stalling it in some degree by quoting the concluding paragraphs which, we may mention, were most cordially responded to by the meeting:—"In conclusion, your committee would venture again and again to urge that every man has it in his power, merely by spreading a knowledge of the objects and plan of the Art-Union in his own particular circle, still further to extend its influence and ability of doing good; and they say, let him feel, while he is doing so, that he is not simply getting a few guineas for a society, in the success of which he is interested; that he is not only aiding substantially the artists of his country (men who minister more to a nation's lasting glory than all the warriors who ever lived); not only assisting by that encouragement to elevate the arts amongst us—but that he may haply be the means of opening the mind of some of

his fellows to gratifications before unguessed of; of weaning them from debasing pursuits, and thus increasing the sum of general happiness. To dwell at this time on the importance of the fine arts, the arts which 'the mind exalt, give great ideas, lovely forms infuse,' would seem to be unnecessary; all acknowledge their importance; all see their connection now even with our manufactures, and are compelled to admit each day their influence on our social well-being.

'However pu'd with pow'r and gorged with wealth  
A nation be; let trade enormous rise,  
Let east and south their mingled treasure pour,  
Till swelled impetuous, the corrupting flood  
Burst o'er the city and devour the land;  
Yet these neglected, these recording Arts,  
Wealth rots a nuisance; and oblivious sunk,  
That nation must another Carthage lie.'

One word to those who may have the good fortune to obtain the prizes, and your committee resign their trust again into your hands. It must be borne in mind that the larger the funds placed at the disposal of the society, the greater is the degree of care required in the expenditure of those funds; or it may become, instead of good, an equally powerful means of ill. They trust sincerely that the prizeholders will exercise the greatest care and discretion in their purchases; that they will consider themselves but as the stewards of the association, and endeavour to promote, as much as possible, its highest objects. Unless this be done, they may give rise to a class of pictures got up for the occasion, and priced, not according to their merits and the power of mind expended on them, but to the wants of the prizeholders; by which means most serious and lasting injury would inevitably result to art.

"As one, and the only, piece of criticism which your committee will venture to quote, let us all constantly remember that 'the good, the beautiful, the true—these are the sound basis of all art, of all science, and of all philosophy; and that their connexion is so intimate, so perfect, we cannot seek one and find it, but we meet the others also.'"

GEORGE GODWIN, Jun. } Hon. Secs.  
LEWIS POCOCK.

#### CORRESPONDENCE.

##### VEHICLES.

SIR.—I am sorry to find that a "A Student," of Manchester, has been unsuccessful in his attempts to work with the starch-and-oil medium; and I likewise regret that a "Fellow Student" should have met with no better success. Both must recollect, that a new style is never acquired till after frequent trials, not only because the method of working is new, and the material to be used different, but because no written explanation is capable of conveying to the reader, or the student, the precise notions which are necessary to enable him to produce *successfully* a style which he has had no previous knowledge. I make these remarks to encourage your two correspondents to persevere in the use of the starch-and-oil medium, assuring them that they will soon overcome the difficulties they have encountered; and that when overcome, they will be amply repaid by the pleasure which they will derive from this new way of working.

The starch-jelly ought to be made of *pure* starch powder, sold in the shops under the name of "hair powder." It is perfectly white; whereas ordinary starch, coloured with saffron, &c., to answer the purpose of the laundress, is composed of small lumps of blueish tint. This latter is not the kind which must be used; it must be the first described, pure white starch powder. The jelly must not be made as thin as water, but a little thicker in consistency than gruel.

To this starch-jelly a *sufficient* quantity of oil must be added, according to the purpose for which it is to be used, and according also to the manner of each person's *mode of working*. No general rule can be laid down to suit every student; in this respect, he must cater for himself. I have found equal parts of starch-jelly and of cold-drawn linseed oil, suit my purpose sufficiently; but, should the colour peel from the canvas, as the "Student" of Birmingham has found, he may easily remedy the defect by adding to the medium a larger proportion of oil—say, of oil, two parts; starch-jelly, one part.

On the other hand, the "Student," of Birmingham, may have laid on his canvas *too thick a coat of priming*, and this would certainly ensure a "total failure."

The intention is merely to cover the surface, and fill up the pores of the canvas. If thick threads and knots rise above the priming, they must be ground down with a flat piece of pumice stone, and then a second coat of priming may be applied; but in no instance must he load the canvas with priming; the adhesive quality whereof is at the minimum ratio, in order that it may the better absorb the superfluous oil in the progress of the future work.

All these circumstances taken into account, I look forward to the success of "A Student," of Manchester, as certain; and I trust he will make the announcement thereof in your highly useful publication. I will only add, for his information, that no ground is probably more absorbent than that, the priming whereof consists of chalk, or of white lead (ceruse), worked up in a starch-and-oil medium. But I must also observe, that the more oil the vehicle contains, by so much will its *drying properties be diminished*.

With respect to the difficulties complained of by a "Fellow Student," I must—1st,—inform him, that the oil I have found to answer best is cold-drawn linseed oil; and that I never use the powder of glass or borax, unless I am working with very transparent colour, such as terra verte, or the lakes, to prevent their *spreading*, and to enable them, as an underground, to receive the finishing touches without running. It will be obvious, therefore, both to the "Student," of Manchester, and to a "Fellow Student," that the employment of borax is highly improper in the grounds, and early stages of the work.

2nd. That the best way of uniting the starch and oil, is either by rubbing them together briskly on a glass or porcelain slab with a spatula, or by working them together with a long hair brush, such as is used in the preparation of pastry.

3rd. That I have never noticed the effect he speaks of with respect to the curdling of ultramarine. I do not often use this beautiful pigment, because I conceive that the employment of a perfectly durable or permanent colour is scarcely to be recommended, when it is to be associated to other pigments, the nature of which is changeable; for these latter changed, and the blue unaltered, it is possible to conceive that the entire harmony of the picture would be lost. I have, however, occasionally used ultramarine in draperies; but I will ascertain the cause of this defect, if I find it to exist, when the *pure* starch-jelly and oil are employed.

Lastly. Glass of borax is certainly an incorrect term for the substance I recommended. I ought to have called it *vitrified borax*, by which name he will have no difficulty in procuring it from the *operative chemist*. I beg here to thank a "Fellow Student," for putting the question, which has enabled me to correct a mistake that might mislead.

I have recently taught an excellent amateur artist the method of painting in starch-and-oil, and it will be sufficient to say, that she is so delighted with it, on account of the facility of handling which it gives, of its little smell, and its cleanliness, that she will never be induced, she says, to paint with any other medium, and is desirous of disposing of her maccylips and turpentine, &c.

I hope these answers and explanations will be sufficient; but, if otherwise, I shall be most happy to give any further information which it may be in my power to afford.—Yours, &c.

A STUDENT.

##### PICTURE HANGING.

SIR.—As the general views of "An Amateur" on picture hanging seem, I am happy to find, not to differ very materially from my own, I need only refer to one or two points, the explanation of which may, I hope, still lessen the difference between us.

By a hilly landscape, I mean one which is so in such a degree as to present but a very small extent of level country, or smooth water; examples of which are to be found amongst the works of Salvator Rosa, Both, and many others. I believe that in landscapes of this description, painters, skilled in perspective, would often be at a loss to point out on the canvas the supposed or intended elevation of the horizon. Where this is the case, it would, of course, be impossible to adjust the horizon of the picture to that of nature.

Your correspondent observes, that the real elevation of a mountain is not increased by raising the picture, the foreground at its base being raised in the same proportion. Still, I believe, that from the effect of habit, the mountainous forms in a picture have a more imposing appearance when we look up to them, as we do to the ridges of the Alps from the bottom of a Swiss valley, than they would have in an opposite position.

And I flatter myself that your able correspondent will himself be, in some degree, of this opinion, if he will afford me, some day, the pleasure of showing him, in my humble collection, pictures representing Alpine scenery.—Yours, &c.,

A SUBSCRIBER.

##### WINDSOR CASTLE.

SIR.—The notice of, and judicious praise you bestow on, the "Illustrations of Windsor Castle," by Gandy and Baud, excited in my mind pleasing and painful reminiscences, as connected with that famed palace and fortress, and its late much respected architect. Intimate for many years with Sir Jeffrey Wyatville, I had frequent communion with him before he commenced his vast and fine alterations of that castle, and also during its progressive improvements. He lent me some of his large drawings for *Lectures on Castellated Architecture*, to exhibit at the Royal and London Institutions, and I then urged him to publish illustrations of the castle. For a long time he declined to encounter the trouble and the expense of such a work, as would fairly and fully display the whole edifice and its varied features. After repeated conferences, and persuasions on my part, and the recommendation of a young artist to etch the plates, and a further assurance that I would either write the history and description of the building, or assist him in that task, he gave some of the drawings for engraving. Had that artist satisfied his kind employer in the execution of the plates, and his charges for them, I believe the work would have been published long since; but the architect often complained on both these subjects. At the time this work was preparing, I wrote a short memoir of Sir Jeffrey for Messrs. Fisher's "Portrait Gallery," in which essay is the following passage on *Windsor Castle*, which will serve to show my opinion of the building and of its architect:—

"In 1824 Parliament voted £300,000 for the projected improvements, and Messrs. Sonne, Nasb, Smirke, and Jeffrey Wyatt, were instructed to prepare designs to be submitted to a commission of eight gentlemen. The first, in one of his fits of caprice, declined to compete, and the drawings of the last architect were adopted.

"In 1830 the Commissioners, having found that the most decayed and dangerous parts of the building had occasioned an expenditure much beyond the original estimate, applied to Parliament for further advances; but to this application an opposition was made in the House of Commons, and a committee was appointed to investigate the public works at Windsor Castle, and endeavour to ascertain the amount of money required to complete them. At an age when economy in every department of the state has been demanded by the people, and partly conceded by the government, it is presumed that a million of the public money will be expended on this palace, and paid without a murmur, and without reproach. Nothing can be a stronger proof of the ability and integrity of the architect, than the fact that the monarch and the subject, the tory and the whig, the liberal and the radical, are nearly unanimous in commendation of these works; and such is the unaffected liberality of John Bull, when thus pleased, that he freely opens his purse, and professes tens of thousands without reserve, and without regret. Under these circumstances and persuasions, we will indulge the fond hope that the respected object of this brief biographical sketch may live to complete all his projected improvements to this British palace, and transmit it to future ages, for the admiration and boast of other monarchs and statesmen, as well as for every other class of Englishmen.

"As in the naval code of renown, one of its honoured heroes proclaimed that, 'England expects every man to do his duty,' so in that of the fine arts and literature, every one, who, in discharging his duty, exercises talents and taste, enhances his own fame with that of his country.

"Beneath one Royal head, whose vital power,  
Corrects, enlivens, and exerts the whole;  
In finer arts and public works shall she,  
Shall Britain shine." THOMSON.

Of Messrs. Gandy and Baud's illustrations, I can vouch, not only for their fidelity of delineation, but for the artistic skill manifested in the treatment of the different views. These will serve to show foreigners and English critics the general style, the forms, and the details of the new-old palace; but, until the whole series of illustrations be completed, until we have a plan, as well as views, elevations, and parts at large, and, indeed, until the artists show us some of the interiors, it will be improper to criticise the architect, or attempt to form a judgment of his skill as manifested in this great national work.

April 10.

Yours, &c.,

J. BRITTON.

## ENCAUSTIC PAINTING.

SIR.—In answer to the inquiries of "A Subscriber" on the subject of Encaustic Painting, allow me to mention that not a few years ago, but perhaps more nearly half a century, Miss Greenland, the lady to whom I suppose he adverts, undertook a series of ingenious experiments, with the view of reviving the encaustic style. The result of her observations she communicated to the Society for the Encouragement of Arts, &c., who published her papers as a part of their Transactions, and awarded to her on several occasions their premiums, not excepting the "paletta," which I believe is their highest reward in the class of Fine Arts, and is usually confined to professional artists.

I am enabled to add, from a personal acquaintance with Mrs. Hooker (such being her name by marriage), that she continued her researches at intervals up to the time of her death, which occurred about two years ago. But her health having been for some time previous in a declining state, I fear that she had not brought her process to the state of maturity she desired; and that, although she had accomplished much, she had not prepared for publication any account of her recent improvements. She left several unfinished works, which, with others of her earlier productions, are in the possession of her son, Captain Greenland.

As Mrs. Hooker was most kindly communicative to every person who took an interest in her pursuits, I cannot flatter myself that this statement contains any thing either new or forgotten. I am induced to trouble you with it, merely because the expression used by your correspondent indicates that the circumstances have been mentioned to him unsupported by any precise detail.

While on this subject, permit me to inquire what has become of a picture, said to be a genuine specimen of encaustic (the subject, if my memory serves, "Cleopatra"), which was exhibited some years ago by Mr. Reinagle, in illustration of his lectures? and whether any record exists of the statements by which the antiquity of the work was proved?

ANOTHER SUBSCRIBER.

London, 22nd April, 1841.

## DESIGNS FOR SILK.

SIR.—I am an original subscriber to your valuable publication, the "ART-UNION;" and have great pleasure in expressing the high opinion I have of it, as advocating the real interests of the Art and Artists; also the advantages to be derived from the application of the arts to our domestic manufactures. I am a fancy silk manufacturer, and have considerable intercourse with the trade in submitting patterns for approval, and goods for sale; but I am constantly met by a complaint, that the arrangement of our colours in England is far inferior to the French. In fact, it is so much the case, that there are many "buyers" who both think and say that there is nothing done well in this country at all; an opinion that I am not disposed to agree in, although I think there is room for improvement.

Now, Sir, what I am about to recommend to the consideration of some of your numerous readers, is, what I am sure would be of immense benefit to the fancy trade of this country, where a variety of colours are used—my recommendation is this, let some qualified person publish a series of coloured plates with *single colours* on them, also a *variety of colours*, both in harmony and contrast, with accompanying explanations why they are so; also explaining what colours look well by candle light, and what colours do not, with reasons why they do so. Sir, a work of the above description, if in accordance with true taste and scientific principles, would be of inconceivable benefit; and, if no individual could be found to undertake it as a private speculation, it would be well worth the attention of the School of Design.

If you think the above remarks worthy a place in your valuable journal, you will oblige one, who has to apologize for troubling you.—Yours, &c. J. W.

Spital Square, April 24.

We have received two or three letters complaining of what is styled "a job" in refusing to admit to the private view of the Royal Academy, the gainer of the £300 in the Art-Union—admission to which it would appear he applied for. Now "a job" it is not, although it would have been if "Mr. Fry" had been admitted, and the advantage had been refused to holders of other prizes. We have no doubt that this difficulty will be removed another year; and that it would not now have existed if Mr. Fry had applied to any individual member. Painters only want to sell their pictures—and care little whether they are bought by John Nokes or Tom Styles.

## FOREIGN ART.

## FRANCO-GERMAN GENIUS OF ART—STEUBEN.

—We have in former numbers of this work given some particulars of the lives of two of the principal professors of painting in the German school. We now propose to give a short account of the life and studies of Charles Steuben, a German by parentage, but the greater part of whose life has been passed at Paris. He may be regarded as a "Capo Scuola," for his works neither belong to the French nor German schools, but form a sort of link between preserving a tinge of the mysticism and repose of the one combined with the movement of the other. The father of Charles Steuben was in the military service of Wirtemberg, and married contrary to the rules of that service, which he was consequently compelled to quit. He took refuge at Smolensko; and from thence, after some years, went to reside at St. Petersburg; there, in the house of his father, many books, covered with juvenile attempts in drawing, attested many years afterwards the predilection of Steuben for his art. This taste so far received encouragement from his parents, that he was sent to learn to draw at the Imperial Academy, then directed by M. Lagrené, an old Frenchman, whose talent, if talent he had, consisted in drawing long faces like those of Barbier. But he was intended for the military profession; and his parents sent him to an aunt, at Weimar, in the service of the Grand Duchess, with the intention that he should be a page, as a step to the career of arms. To Weimar he went; but instead of arms spoke only of painting, and of his desire to go to Paris to study. Schiller, then just reappearing in the world, after three years creative retirement, was consulted, and he advised that the child's desire should be granted. Steuben was therefore sent to Paris, in the year 1804, when he was himself twelve years old; he was provided with letters from Madm. de Staél and Schiller. He presented himself in the painting-room of Gerard, who received him kindly, and expressed much interest in his future career: but it was from Robert Lefebre that he received his first lessons—an artist who will be remembered by his excellent portraits. Steuben left him to study under that charming painter, Prudhon; and, after some years passed with him, he finally, at the age of eighteen, took his place in the studio of Gerard, whom he had always continued occasionally to visit from the time of his arrival in Paris. Gerard was then in the zenith of his fame: beauties, wits, men of learning, warriors, statesmen, all resorted to his studio—all would have their portraits done by his hand—from the old Ducis to Mademoiselle Mars: we may add, that, in subsequent years, that threshold was trod by almost all that was most distinguished in Europe. Here Gerard might be seen painting amidst his scholars, and gaily accompanying his work with some lively anecdote of the stormy times he had witnessed; then he takes a cigar, but it is quickly thrown from his mouth, under the easel of his favourite Steuben, who is near him. Steuben turns round, and already Gerard has left his seat, and is receiving in his apartment, with the grace of a man of the world, three persons, who have just entered—they are the Emperor and his Marshals, Duroc and Murat. Such scenes were of frequent occurrence in the painting-room of Gerard. Beside Steuben sat a young Prussian gentleman, a few years older than himself, full of ardour and talent, seeking to perfect himself in the art of faithfully drawing and seizing the character of any object he chose. This young man, to whom Steuben attached himself, and whose advice was of much benefit to him, was M. Alexander Humboldt, who soon after sailed for America, to commence those researches that have rendered his name so illustrious. We believe it was in the studio of Gerard he wrote his first work, with great rapidity, entitled an "Essay on Landscapes and Forests."

But we must leave the studio of Gerard and follow Steuben, who soon established himself as an independent artist, and was not long in acquiring a position and a name. The first historical work which he gave to the world, at the age of nineteen, was called "Peter the Great on the Lake of Ladoga;" it is said he chose the subject as a mark of gratitude to the country which had sheltered his infancy. This picture was con-

sidered superior to the work of any young artist that had appeared for years, and gave indications of an inventive genius and a vigorous style. The "Oath of the Three Swiss" was hailed with great applause, and added much to the fame of its author. Then followed, "Peter the Great Saved from the Streitze by his Mother," which has since been copied in the Gobelin looms. In 1829, he produced his interesting and affecting picture of "The Death of the Emperor Napoleon;" to perfect which, all the companions of his captivity passed in review in the studio of Steuben. M. Delatouche has made this picture the subject of an eloquent description. In 1832, appeared "The Battle of Vitry," which increased his fame as a painter of history; and "Napoleon at Waterloo," one of his best works, and most powerfully composed. The sad but animated countenance of the Emperor, is in keeping with the scene as are all the other figures of the drama. The author here shows the true spirit of epic composition. Many other historical works might be named, which have proceeded from the pencil of Steuben, but we must close our list, naming only an early work, full of religious feeling, and finely coloured, called "St. Germain Distributing his Possessions to the Poor." In portraits, Steuben excels, and he gives a softness to the heads of his young women and children that is peculiar to himself. He has painted many distinguished persons, and has usually been happy in seizing the spiritual character of the countenance. Of the studies which he has given to the world, several will not easily be forgotten: we may name his "Young Girl Reading," "A Spanish Woman Plucking the Leaves of a Marguerite," "A Young Mother Suckling her Child," "An Odalisque," &c. We shall only further observe on Steuben, as a painter, that we believe his firm and unexaggerated style will gain ground, and be more admired, when the re-action against the classical style has ceased to affect the public taste. He does not merely intend; he executes what he means to represent. His strong and philosophic mind has supported him in his independent course, amidst opposing voices; and he learned from Prudhon to be contented in a tranquil existence and devotion to his art. He married early, and became a naturalized subject of France. He is still in the prime of life; and in contemplating, lately, the fine portrait, in crayons, of Steuben, by M. Paul Delaroche, we were struck by the expression of calm strength which characterizes his countenance, in which we seem to read hope for the future.

FRANCE.—PARIS.—We proposed, in reference to our account of the exhibition in the Louvre last month, to describe more particularly some of the principal pictures; for the present we merely add that, almost by acclamation, the prize of excellence this year is awarded to M. Alaux, the painter of three works—"The Assembly of the Notables at Rouen, under Henry IV. (1596)," "The States General of Paris under Louis XIII. (1614)," and the "States General of Paris, under Philippe de Valois, (1322)." The two first are alike excellent in design and colouring, the first especially distinguished by its magical perspective, the second by the flood of broad, harmonious light, distributed over the picture. The accessories are perfect as to correctness of costume, furniture, &c., but the intellectual part of the pictures deserve yet higher praise than the material; in the last-named picture the multitude of heads is immense, yet not one is insignificant in itself, and all take part in the scene; all, by insensible transition, contribute to direct your attention to the principal persons who give movement to the whole; but these are, by the necessary management of the picture, so small that, without this conducting of the mind, their effect would be lost. The difficulty, also, of varying all the heads in attitude and character is great, when we consider that the smallest expression of passion would be unsuitable to the calm solemnity of the scene. The third picture is much inferior, it appears to us, to the two first; but by these M. Alaux has nobly justified his claim to a place in the institute.

ITALY.—MILAN.—The attention of amateurs is drawn to two statues larger than life, executed by the sculptor Marchesi for the Court of Vienna. The subjects are two Athletes, and they are in the style of the "Moses" of Michael Angelo.

**VENICE.**—Lipparini has finished, with his usual magical colouring, a picture representing the 'Explosion of Missolunghi.' It is a fine and lively composition, of great effect, and the number of figures is immense.

**MODENA.**—The President of the Ducal Academy of Fine Arts, the young painter L. Malatesta, bids fair to become an artist of European celebrity. In his two pictures, 'Spartacus Fighting against the Roman Legions,' and 'King Entius made Prisoner by the Bolognese People at the Battle of Rivalta,' he seems alike happily inspired by the genius of classical and romantic art.

**BOLOGNA.**—The Gandolfi family have traditional inheritance of glory in the pictorial art; justifying the praises bestowed on them by Lanzi, in his "History of Painting in Italy." Mauro Gandolfi, besides being a great engraver, had a peculiar talent for drawing in water-colours and in Indian ink; to these works he gave a beauty not to be imagined but by those who have seen them. In the latter style he has no successor; but a pupil of his, Luigi Pedrelli, has carried the art of water-colour drawing to very high perfection: it is a perfectly pure style, no lights are put on, no body-colour is used, no scraping or mechanical process of that sort, by which a water-coloured drawing is often rendered a mere daub. Without such aid he carries his colouring to a high degree of richness and finishing, along with a free pencil. He has lately exhibited two heads, the size of life, of Greek contours; the one a venerable old man, the other a lovely nymph. 'Three Loves Sustaining a Basket of Flowers,' that seem by Correggio himself, and a 'half figure of the St. Cecilia,' after Raffaelle.

**GERMANY.—MUNICH.**—The fresco paintings by Professor Hess, in the Basilika of St. Boniface, are advancing rapidly; the cartoons for the whole are completed, and the style of them strictly accords with the architecture of the church, which is the work of the Inspector Zeitland; in which the ancient style of art is followed out without losing sight of the present, nor of the individual feeling of the artist's mind. The church militant has furnished subjects for the nave of the building, while in the chancel appears the church triumphant, between which the arch of the tribune, with paintings of the four Evangelists, looking earnestly to the apocalyptic Lamb, whose history they write, seems to guide the eye from the one to the other. We may hereafter more particularly describe the immense works in this church.

**RUSSIA.—MOSCOW.**—At the last exhibition here, in October, the picture which excited the greatest enthusiasm was the work of a native artist, named Padkianchenko. We hope to be able, hereafter, to give some particulars of this exhibition.

#### VARIETIES.

**SIR DAVID WILKIE.**—A rumour, without the slightest foundation, has been somewhat extensively circulated, that the great painter died of plague at Alexandria. We are enabled—we need not say how heartily we rejoice to do so—to remove all apprehensions on the subject, upon the safest authority. His family received letters from him, on the 11th of the present month, dated from Jerusalem—where he had just arrived, on the 9th of March. He was then in perfect health, and deeply interested with all he had seen on his journey to the Holy City.

**MR. JAMES UWINS** (son of the late Doctor Uwins, and nephew of the academician), to whose skill as an artist we have had frequent occasion to do justice, has been appointed draughtsman to the Niger expedition, and is gone out with it. This is an appointment of no common responsibility. The draughtsman is expected to bring away not merely characteristic drawings of new people and new countries, but also specimens in botany, natural history, and of all matters that may tend to illustrate character and habits, and to advance the design of the project—one of great interest, and out of which the most important and valuable results may arise. We hope and trust that the young painter, who has already given sure promise of future excellence, may preserve health and life in the

midst of dangers by which he will be inevitably surrounded. We cannot forget that Africa is "the grave of the white man;" and that it requires no ordinary energy and enterprise to encounter the obvious and hidden perils that must be encountered at every step. There are few artists so likely to do credit to the appointment, or to render it more beneficial to his country.

**THE ACADEMY DINNER.**—The anniversary dinner of the Royal Academy took place, as usual, on the Saturday preceding the opening of the exhibition. It was attended by a host of the most distinguished noblemen and gentlemen of the country; among whom were—

The Lord President of the Council, the First Lord of the Treasury, the Lord Privy Seal, the First Lord of the Admiralty, the four Secretaries of State (Home, War, Colonies, and Foreign Affairs), the Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, the Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer, the Master of the Rolls, the Vice-Chancellor, the Attorney and Solicitor General, the Lord Chamberlain, the Commander of the Forces, the Lord Mayor of London, the Governor of the Bank of England, President of the College of Surgeons, Master of the Horse, Chairman of the East India Company, the Ambassadors and Ministers of France, America, Bavaria, Belgium, Greece, Hanover, Naples, Portugal, Sardinia, Saxony, and Wirtemberg; their Graces the Dukes of Wellington and Beaufort; the Marquis of Anglesey; the Earls of Rosebery, Grey, Ripon, Brownlow, Burlington, Eldon, and Cawdor; Viscount Duncauon; the Bishops of London, Llandaff, Lichfield, and Chichester; Lords Burghersh, Prudhoe, Stanley, Brougham, Wharncliffe, Colborne, Alford, Morpeth; Baron L. de Rothschild; Right Honourables Sir Robert Peel, C. W. Wynn, H. Labouchere, J. W. Croker; Sirs R. H. Inglis, Willoughby Gordon, J. Swinburne, G. Phillips, T. D. Acland, G. Warrender, T. Baring, H. Ellis, J. Brunel, G. Staunton, Field Officer in Waiting, R. Vernon, E. R. Tunno, W. Wells, S. Rogers, R. Hart Davis, J. Morrison, Gally Knight, C. Babbage, F. Cartwright, D. Solomons, J. Neeld, A. Milne, H. A. Munro, W. Seguier, P. H. Howard, G. Knot, J. H. Hippesey, Baring Wall, H. Hallam, J. H. Green, Esqrs., &c.

The Duke of Wellington spoke with fluency and occasional energy, as he pointed out the various modes in which the Fine Arts are valuable to a nation, not merely as conducing to the superior enjoyments of high civilization, but also in handing down to the latest posterity the records, sculptured or pictorial, of the achievements of their fleets and armies, and of the chiefs whose good fortune it has been, under an Almighty Providence, to lead them through toils and danger to victory, in defence of their dearest rights and their country's independence. The fact that this day, Saturday, May 1, was the anniversary of his Grace's birth-day, added greatly to the interest derived from his presence; an interest that was greatly enhanced when the Duke, on taking leave of the company, went round the table, and shook hands with every member of the Royal Academy present.—The Marquis of Lansdowne spoke long and well on the usefulness, as well as the elegant and ornamental character, of the Arts, and expressed his decided opinion that it was amongst the serious duties of those who have the advantages of wealth and high station, to encourage and promote the cultivation of the Arts generally, but of the intellectual branch more especially, as tending to give a high tone to the public taste, and to do honour to the character of a nation.

**THE PRINCE ALBERT** has purchased four pictures from the walls of the "Society of British Artists"—productions of Mr. Joy, Mr. Egg, Mr. Tennant, and Mr. Lancaster. It is of great importance, and matter for sincere congratulation, that the leading personage of the nation so frequently manifests a desire to aid the Arts of the country—the more especially as all his selections afford satisfactory evidence of good taste and right judgment.

**THE ILLUSTRATED BIBLE.**—We are glad to find that the project of disposing (after the manner of drawing for prizes at the Art Union) of the Bible so extensively illustrated by the late Mr. Bowyer, will shortly be realised—a very large proportion of "tickets" having been already disposed of. We direct attention to an explanatory advertisement in another column; and would impress upon our readers that the purchaser of a ticket has his chance of obtaining one of two magnificent works, literally *for nothing*: inasmuch as at the time of subscribing he may select from a large and valuable stock of interesting prints, such as he pleases, to the full amount of 10 guineas—

the sum paid for his ticket. Among the prints are those—so famous and so excellent—of King John signing Magna Charta, after Devis; the Trial of Lord William Russell, after G. Hayter; Lady Jane Grey's Refusal of the Crown, after Leslie, &c., &c. As a guarantee for the entire propriety of the plan, Mrs. Parkes publishes the following list of noblemen, clergymen, and gentlemen who have consented to act as a board of trustees for the public upon the occasion of drawing the prizes:—The Right Hon. Lord George Paulet, &c., Rev. H. J. Knapp, D.D., Subdean of St. Paul's Cathedral, and Priest in Ordinary to Her Majesty, William Upcott, Esq., Robert Smirke, Esq., R.A., Benjamin Bond Cabell, Esq., F.R.S. and F.S.A., John Young, Esq., John Lansdowne, Esq., F.S.A. and A.R.A., the Rev. Richard Cattemore, B.D., Secretary of the Royal Society of Literature, George Godwin, Esq., F.R.S. and F.S.A., C. Landseer, Esq., A.R.A., Lewis Pocock, Esq., F.S.A.: Charles Robert Elliot, Esq., secretary.

**A COMMITTEE ON THE FINE ARTS, &c.** has been nominated by the House of Commons, on the motion of Mr. Hawes, the Member for Lambeth. It consists of the following hon. members:—Mr. Hawes, Mr. Labouchere, Sir R. Peel, Mr. H. G. Knight, Mr. Hume, Mr. Wye, Mr. Blake, Sir R. Inglis, Lord Brabazon, Lord F. Egerton, Mr. Ewart, Mr. R. M. Milnes, Colonel Rawdon, Mr. H. T. Hope, and Mr. P. Pusey. What express object this committee is designed to accomplish, we cannot exactly say; but we recognise a few names in the list that will sufficiently guarantee the justice and propriety of any result that may arise out of their inquiries. We shall of course watch the proceedings. Good may be done; good ought to be done; but whether good will be done, is quite another matter.

**THE SKETCHING CLUB** are about to publish, with the letter-press, their Illustrations of Goldsmith's "Deserted Village." We have seen some of them, and can testify to their exceeding beauty. We apprehend, however, that the price their design to fix upon the volume—which varies from five to ten guineas—is far too high to promote a taste for this class of Art in the public generally; and that if it be meant to confine the issue to connoisseurs, too large an edition is to be published. But upon this matter we shall be better enabled to speak when the work is before us.

**THE PEPOLI COLLECTION.**—We have been favoured with a view of a portion of the valuable collection of pictures that has for centuries enriched the Palazzo Pepoli at Bologna; and many of which have been commissioned or purchased of the artists themselves by the Pepoli family, one of the most ancient of the noble houses of Italy. The Palazzo Pepoli was built in 1344, by Taddeo Pepoli; and under the auspices of its successive proprietors, during the best ages of Italian art, this collection gradually accumulated, until there were numbered among its contributors not only most of the celebrated masters of the various schools of Italy, but also many of the best Spanish painters. These pictures are in that fine condition, in which we find such works of Art nowhere but in Italy; and many of them more valuable in their effects than when they were removed from the easel. They are all on the canvas on which they were painted, and have never suffered from cleaning, nor have they ever been retouched and masked, but present to the most superficial inspection the method and handling of the master in unbroken continuity. The Counts Pepoli, of course, patronized especially their own school—the Bolognese. The collection contains, therefore, choice works of the most celebrated artists of that school. There are several charming specimens of Guido, exhibiting his various manners, as also of the Caracci, Domenichino, Raffaelle, Correggio, Vandyke, Velasquez, Murillo, &c. &c. Of Correggio there is but one specimen, a work which has been held by the house of Pepoli as one of its most precious heir-looms. It is an exquisite picture, a 'Madonna and Child,' painted on panel, with all the characteristics of the master's best style; his inimitable flesh texture, and pure tones, graduated to a clear shadow, in which the drawing is as careful as in the highest lights. The pictures by Guido are valuable for their execution, and most curious for the contrasts of style they present. This painter is known in England more by

his earliest or softest manner, than by the others which he practised, and is recognised by, in Italy. The example of his earliest practice is a 'Madonna and Child asleep'—a later method, and that in which some of his most remarkable works are executed, is instanced by a picture, 'Madonna delle Spine,' and 'Mary Magdalen Weeping,' in which is exhibited an extraordinary power of expression. The head of the Madonna in this work coincides in character very much with that of the 'Niobe,' which was a favourite study of Guido, insomuch that frequent repetitions of it are found in his works. Another picture by this master—'St. Francis in Prayer,' is so distinct in manner from the above, as to leave but few traces of the same hand; and, indeed, it is so widely different from the works of every other artist of the Italian schools, as to be distinguishable among many, even at any distance at which colour and outline will tell to the eye. The finest works of Guido were painted at Bologna, and the above were immediately transferred from his studio to the Palazzo Pepoli, where, until recently, they have remained. Among the works of the Carracci is a 'Madonna with a Book,' a picture of much beauty; and among those of Albano, so celebrated for his children and the elegance of his female figures, is a curious imitation of a bronze basso-relievo, representing 'Young Bacchanals.' The Neapolitan landscape painter Martirelli, who flourished about the commencement of the 18th century, is but little known in England; this collection, however, contains a set of four large landscapes deliciously painted by this artist: they are highly-finished, but with a free and graceful touch; and in comparing them with the landscapes of Claude and of Poussin, they may be said to constitute a middle degree; the figures alone are perfect studies, and the whole are finished with inconceivable sweetness of colouring, which is singularly true to nature. By Joseph Ribera there is a head of an old mendicant, which, in its own style, is equal in excellence to some of Rembrandt's more finished works of the same kind. In this picture there is as much shadow as in the heads of the last-named master, but it is much more transparent; for the asphaltum found in such abundance on Rembrandt's canvass has lost its transparency, and is become black with age. By Juan de Juanes, of the Spanish school of Valencia, there are two admirable portraits of the Prince and Princess Gonzaga. These pictures fell into the hands of the Pepoli family after having been brought to Bologna by the Bentivogli, from Mantua. Of Diego Velasquez there is but one specimen, called 'Ambition,' and believed to be a portrait of a lady of rank. By Bassano, there are several pictures, distinguished by the highest finish, and in that peculiar style approaching so closely to that of the Dutch school. There are continual importations of pictures from all parts of the Continent; and it is known that unless these can be offered as the works of known masters, the prices which they return are insignificant. It is difficult, nay, impossible, to certify the genuineness of a work of Art, unless, with every indubitable proof of style and manner, it can be retraced distinctly through its line of possessionship to the hand of the artist. The history of the most remarkable pictures of the Pepoli Collection may be said to be publicly known in Bologna, since the residence of this family has been long celebrated for its wealth in works of Art; and it is from such collections that our finest specimens of Italian Art have been procured. The pictures above described, together with many others from the same gallery, are in the possession of Count Carlo Pepoli, resident at No. 6, Gloucester-road, Old Brompton.

**CAREW'S DESCENT FROM THE CROSS.**—We are in England little accustomed to look upon works of this class of Art, not because the ability for their execution is wanting, but rather because necessity diverts it into other channels. This composition contains a challenge to all similar works, not only of the new schools, but even of the old; and while considering it, the spectator is involuntarily led into comparisons between its merits and those of every other manner of treatment to which he may have seen the same passage of Scripture subjected. The work is a basso-relief, consisting of life-sized figures, representing, besides the body of the Saviour, the three Marys, the two Josephs, &c. The grouping is an able arrangement, and the eye is led from figure to

figure with consummate skill, and at length directed, by the coincidence of expression in the whole, to the dead Saviour, the object of the lamentations of his last followers. The cross rises of course high above the group; and to break the severity of its lines, and connect it with the scene below, one of the figures is seen descending the ladder, a disposition which has already been observed by others in the treatment of this subject; but the cross cannot be omitted, therefore, being a necessary feature of the composition, perhaps no other method equally judicious could be devised for disposing of it. Nothing can be more beautiful than the dead Christ—the spirit has fled, but its celestial impress remains on the features which are in death not less divine than they had been in life: there is certainly in this figure nothing to remind us of earth, but its powerful and deeply-wrought description of death. The finest male head of the group is that of Christ's secret disciple—Joseph, 'the rich man of Arimathea,' and it will not suffer in comparison with the very best efforts of the same kind. The women, as more prone to outward expression than men, are seen moved to grief, which declares itself by outward sign and action; but it must be borne in mind that the first paroxysm of passion is past, and has yielded to a more subdued tone of suffering. The heads of the Marys, as descriptive, in the one, of resignation to the Heavenly will, and in the other, of earthly sorrow, will remind the artist familiar with the great Italian classics, of something similar in Guido's works. In works of this kind it has been customary to make an offensive display of anatomy; a show of this kind is not necessary to stamp a sculptor as well schooled in his profession; and we are happy to find that an artist capable of executing a work of the high merit which this possesses, has the good taste to eschew such demonstrations.

**SALTRE'S PICTURE OF THE WATERLOO BANQUET.**—This picture is at present exhibiting at the house of Mr. Moon, previous to passing into the hands of the engraver, Mr. W. Greatbatch, from whose well known abilities it is sure to receive ample justice. Before pronouncing an opinion on a work of Art of this class, it is necessary to consider whether, in its execution, the ends in view have been successfully accomplished; and also to estimate the difficulties with which the artist has had to contend. He has not here been enabled to dispose, at will, of strongly opposing lights and shadows for the purpose of producing a concentrated effect, aided in every way by composition subservient to his purpose; but in this picture, much of the value of which consists in the recognition of the guests of the lord of the banquet, it has been absolutely necessary to generalize the light. To deal with two straight lines of human heads, and vary the positions in such a manner as to present the features of each to the spectator, requires skill in Art of a very high order. The artist has done this, and more; for, as the table intersects the picture longitudinally, the backs of half of the assemblage are properly turned to the spectator; but the grouping is so ably managed, that this effort of the painter to show the faces is concealed by the ease of the positions. These seem to be but a few of the difficulties which must have presented themselves in this work, which, on the whole, cannot be accounted otherwise than as a successful production. The time represented is, perhaps, the best that could have been selected, being the moment at which the Duke of Wellington rises to return thanks for his health having been proposed by the king (William IV.), and drunk by the company "with three-times-three;" and it would appear that he has not yet commenced speaking, otherwise every head would have been turned towards him. The magnificent furniture of the saloon, appropriately termed the "Waterloo Gallery," is admirably given, without interfering with the chief interest of the picture. The portraits are 83 in number, and as many of them, as opportunity has enabled us to compare, in recollection, with the sitters, we find to be faithful resemblances. A picture of this kind is one of the severest trials by which ability in Art can be tested; and it must be said that the author of this work has creditably acquitted himself.

**GUILDBALL.**—This building may be justly pointed out as more abundant in barbarisms than any other in the City of London, notwithstanding

the host of examples of bad taste the metropolis unfortunately contains. The exterior, a rich example of the caprice of Dance, could not easily be rendered endurable without entire remodelling; and this, we hope, will one day be effected. The interior, however, might be much improved, at a comparatively small expense; and we are glad to find that the corporation are beginning to take into consideration the propriety of so doing. The panelled ceiling and clerestory or modern construction with which the building, in other respects Gothic, is absurdly terminated, should be taken away and replaced by others, in accordance with the rest of the structure. An open timber roof, as at Westminster Hall and Crosby Hall, hard by, would wonderfully improve the general appearance. While they are about it, too, they should take out the present stained glass, which is as bad as bad can be, and substitute better.

**THE WELLINGTON STATUE.**—Mr. Wyatt has commenced the casting of this colossal work, which when completed will it is estimated weigh about fifty tons, and stand thirty-two feet above the pedestal. The head and portions of the legs are already cast, and it is intended that the whole shall be formed of guns taken in the campaigns of the Great Captain, the required number of which must be considerable for an equestrian statue of the magnitude of this, when it is understood that the metal of one gun has been expended in producing merely the head and the boots. The model of the horse is only half finished, but the design is sufficiently obvious from what has been done, and the action of the fiery animal thus far is not less spiritedly expressed than happily conceived. In the palmy days of the Roman empire the honour of an equestrian statue was never decreed to heroes below the imperial degree, and even pedestrian statues only to successful commanders who had extended the limits of the empire, or otherwise very signally benefited the state. It is a curious fact that the first equestrian statue erected in Rome was decreed to a woman; and before the abuse arose of rendering honour indiscriminately to all power, an equestrian statue was the compliment most to be coveted by a distinguished soldier from a grateful nation; if, therefore, among ourselves any man merits this highest classic honour, the Duke of Wellington is that man. The likeness to the Duke in Mr. Wyatt's work is an identity not to be mistaken: and a recognition of this will give a double interest to this national monument. The term fixed for its completion is said to be two years, nearly one of which has already expired. For the perfect success of the casting every precaution has been taken. The metal is cleared and purified by implements constructed for this purpose, which is thus effected with much more facility and certainty than by the old method; and by means of exhausting air tubes, an equal and perfect distribution of the metal takes place, insomuch as infallibly to fill every part of the mould. The Duke of Wellington has visited Mr. Wyatt to inspect the work in its progress.

**THE LATE MR. HILTON.**—It is gratifying to be able to state, that this *genuine* artist did not die in the reduced circumstances generally supposed; but yet, nevertheless, has his life been a most ruinous experiment, and a most powerful commentary on the vein of taste that prevails among us. The will which he left was in his own handwriting; but, in consequence of the absence of witnesses, we believe some difficulties arose with respect to its execution; but these have now been disposed of. He died possessed of a share or shares in the Steam Navigation Company to the amount of a thousand pounds; likewise of property in the funds, and also of other property in the city of Lincoln, of which place the lady whom he married was a native, and the daughter of a clergyman. With his wife he received a dower of five hundred pounds, but this money was returned to her family. It is, however, confidently calculated, that a sum of ten thousand pounds will be realized by the sale of his works and effects. Hilton was, from his retiring manners, less fitted than many of his contemporaries for making his way into those circles where an artist's worldly interests are centered; he was, therefore, continually surpassed in the race by many small-talk painters of puppy dogs and baby faces. Of course, his known objection to paint portraits had much to do with his circumstances; and we

cannot help admiring this enthusiasm for art for the sake of itself alone. Thus his commissions were few: of these rare instances we remember one particularly, given by Sir John Soane, which was to paint two pictures on given subjects. Sir John, as is sufficiently known, died wealthy; and it was habitual with him during his life to speak to his friends of liberal bequests, legacies, &c. at his death; and to Hilton he held the same language, in the hope, as was said, that the academician would present him with the commissioned pictures; but the latter had been warned by some already disappointed expectant of the wealthy knight's beneficence. When the works were finished, it was necessary to say something about the payment. "What then am I indebted to you for these beautiful works, Mr. Hilton?"—"Three hundred guineas, Sir John," was the reply. A cheque was duly given for the money; but it is unnecessary to say that Hilton's name did not appear in Sir John's will. In that memorable instrument, Sir Francis Chantrey was named executor, with a legacy of *fifty pounds*, but he declined acting.

**INSECTS IN PICTURES.**—At a recent meeting of the Entomological Society, a subject very interesting to artists was discussed. Mr. Westwood called the attention of the meeting to the state of the great picture by Sebastian del Piombo in the National Gallery, as described by Dr. Waagen. The picture had been transferred to canvass, on which it was fixed with paste, which material is now attacked by insects, which were considered to be the *Anobium panicum*, an insect well known to attack preparations of flour. The plans suggested at a former meeting for the destruction of insects which attack paintings on panels, or the stretching frames, would be inapplicable to the present case; and it would be dangerous to saturate the back of the picture with any solution which would affect the paste, so as to render it unpalatable to the insects, or sufficiently strong to destroy them.—Mr. Gutch considered, that in the case of so valuable a picture, it would be most advisable to reline the painting with fresh canvass, employing paste in which a little corrosive sublimate has been mixed; he had constantly used paste mixed with that material, and had always found it perfectly effectual in preventing the attacks of insects.—Mr. Waterhouse, however, strongly objected to this, and proposed that an air-tight frame, or flat box, should be prepared to fit the back of the picture, leaving about an inch space, the air in which should be strongly impregnated with prussic acid.

**THE VAN MULDER COLLECTION.**—On the 7th inst., Mr. Phillips, of New Bond-street, sold by auction, the remainder of the cabinet collection of the late Maes Van Mulder, of Antwerp; the prices at which a few of the most remarkable pictures were disposed, are as follows:—'A Moonlight,' by Vandermeer, 105 guineas; 'A Lady Preparing for the Bath,' Boucher, 30 guineas; 'A View in Venice,' Canaletti, £28 7s.; the companion, by the same, £33 12s.; 'The Return from the Chase,' Watteau, 70 guineas; and the companion, by the same, 70 guineas; 'Lady Reading a Letter,' Watteau, £35 14s.; 'View near Dordt,' Van Strij, 60 guineas; 'The Gipsy Fortune-tellers,' Laucret, £44; 'The Concert,' Watteau, 50 guineas; and 'Innocence,' Greuze, 200 guineas.

**MN. EASTLAKE** is about to appear again in the literary world, as the editor, if not the translator, of a popular German history of Painting. We hope the pen of this learned and distinguished painter will not become the rival of his pencil.

**THE ART UNION** prize-holders have selected eight pictures from the walls of the British Institution—the exhibition of which closes this day.

**MESSRS. HODGSON AND GRAVES.**—A dissolution of partnership has just taken place between these gentlemen; Mr. Hodgson retiring; and the firm will be in future carried on in the name of "Henry Graves and Co." As this is a matter very interesting and important to many of our readers, we shall have something to say regarding it in our next.

## REVIEWS.

### EXCURSIONS DAGUERREIENNES. Part 4. Paris.

Published by M. Lerebours.

We have before us the last number of the "Excursions Daguerriennes,"—being engravings, copied from the Daguerreotype plates. They are curious, and deserve the attention of the connoisseur for their beauty, and that of the artist for their perfect correctness; as representing nature in its simplicity, unadorned by the imagination. This number, which is the fourth of the series, contains views of Beyrouth, London, Pompey's Pillar, and the Cascade of Tivoli. The view of Pompey's Pillar pleases us most, inasmuch as the engraving is finer, and gives a better idea of the original plate, over which it has the advantage of being free from "miriottage," the great defect of the Daguerreotype plates. That of Beyrouth is, also, particularly interesting. The original plates were taken "on the spot," principally by Messrs. Horace Vernet and Goupil, during their recent journey to the East. These engravings are executed on steel by the well-known Parisian engravers, Messrs. Salathé and Martens: the work could not have been intrusted to better hands. We have no doubt that it will become popular, the great variety of the subjects adding to its attractions. The publisher, M. Lerebours, announces in his prospectus that the work, when complete, will contain views of Paris, Milan, Venice, Florence, Rome, Naples, London, Switzerland, Germany, Malta, St. Helena, Egypt, Damascus, Constantinople, St. Jean d'Acre, Athens, Moscow, the Alambra, &c. &c. Without intending to object to the manner in which the engravings are produced—indeed, while giving our testimony to their amazing accuracy—we cannot but feel surprise that the actual Daguerreotype plates have not been engraved, especially as the late discoveries of M. Donné seem to render the process perfectly practicable. As we are not aware that M. Donné's system has been promulgated in this country, we are induced to print an extract from his pamphlet, explaining his method of engraving, in the hope that some one in England may be led to try the experiment:—

"The first point to which I gave my attention," says M. Donné, "was in the choice of a plate, as on its perfect evenness and proper thickness, of silver (which for engraving is required to be much thicker than those in common use), mostly depends the success of the plate. Having obtained one of the proper thickness perfectly even, well polished, and free from any scratches, the design is executed in the ordinary Daguerreotype manner, and ought to be as perfect as possible, since the engraving reproduces most minutely, all the details of the picture, with its qualities and imperfections. The washing takes place in the same manner, with the hyposulphite diluted with water, taking care that nothing but the iodine is carried off. The plate being quite dry, the edges are covered with engraver's varnish, nitric acid having no power over it, to prevent all contact with the acid and the copper part of the plate. Thus prepared, the plate is ready for the engraving process. Nitric acid, diluted with water, is the only acid with which I have been able to succeed. The plate is placed in an horizontal position over a basin, on which it rests at the four angles; you then pour over it the nitric acid, mixed in this proportion with water; three parts of nitric acid, *pure*, and four parts water; the plate should but just be covered. At the end of three or four minutes, a little more or less, according to the temperature, and probably also from other reasons, which it would be difficult to explain, the action of the acid begins to show itself, at first by very small bubbles of gas adhering to the metallic surface, which increase by degrees, till every part of the plate in contact with the acid is covered by them. Here the greatest difficulty of the process is encountered, for it is most difficult to judge how long the acid should be allowed to work; nothing but experience and practice could enable any one to judge with any certainty. If the action of the acid is stopped too soon, the shadows of the pictures will not be sufficiently deep; on the contrary, if allowed to remain too long, the light parts and half-tints will be made too dark. At all events, the acid acts most quickly, and should not be allowed to remain more than two or three minutes at the utmost. When the picture is strongly marked with light and shade, I have often succeeded in keeping the light parts free from the acid, by blowing with

the mouth on those parts which ought to be lightest, and leaving it on the darker parts, thus allowing time sufficient for the acid to act on them without injuring the light. As soon as the plate is sufficiently *sié*, the acid is poured away, and the plate washed in water, after which it is lightly wiped with very fine cotton; as to clean the plate thoroughly, and take off the varnish. This is the last part of the process, the plate now only requires to be intrusted to a good printer, who can take proofs from it in the ordinary way."

This is an abridged account of the process, which has enabled M. Donné to obtain the proofs he presented to the Academy of Paris. We have not seen them; but we learn they are tolerable, to say the least; and certainly prove that the Daguerreotype plates may be engraved. We much regret that M. Donné is not an artist, and that from want of time he has been unable to pursue the discovery further; but we hope some one will continue it, in the hope of perfecting what M. Donné has so ably commenced.

Like every invention, possessing any value, the Daguerreotype is receiving daily improvements from scientific individuals, whose attention has been directed to it. A communication has been received by the French Academy of Sciences, to the effect that M. Grehoff, of Moscow, has succeeded in rendering Daguerreotype drawing ineffaceable; specimens of which result have been received by this body. The same experimentalist has also succeeded in obtaining drawings on copper and brass plates; and asserts that he can transfer an engraved plate on to copper, and engrave it afterwards either in relief or intaglio.

Other improvements in this art have been brought under the notice of the French Academy, especially one practised by an architect named Hubert; who, by a process which he has not published, has succeeded in communicating colour to the plates, having already produced white, red, and yellow. Chloride of gold has, by some experimentalists, been employed for the purpose of giving more tone to the drawing; and a method of converting Daguerreotype drawings into lithographic, has been communicated to the Academy.

### THE ILLUSTRATED SPECTATOR. The Illustrations in Acrography. Publisher, Effingham Wilson.

While we admit, to the full, all the advantages held out by the projectors of this invention, as far as they regard a substitute for wood-engraving, that may enable the artist to be his own engraver, and render unnecessary any intermediate hand between him and the public—or rather the printer—we confess we have many and strong doubts as to the results of this experiment. Still it is the only one of at least half a hundred projects that has been submitted to us in a tangible form. We have here a publication actually illustrated—and very extensively—by the novel process. After a close examination—and a sincere desire to advocate anything that shall seem to be an improvement—we cannot describe the embellishments to this book as much superior to worn and inferior wood-cuts, as far as the execution is concerned; and greatly fear that M. Louis Schonberg will share the fate of a vast number of other ingenious men, who have just reached the limits, and fallen a few inches short of, the precise thing that was wanted; which is, in fact, doing nothing at all. In the designs there is certainly great freedom; but as prints they are utterly ineffective.

In justice we allow the parties interested to speak for themselves:—

"Acrography, or Relief Engraving, offers such simplicity to the designer, that the latter has merely to be very proficient in his drawing. (An art acquired by very few.) He must, in every line, show his master hand; must show that he does not feel, but know his way; that he can give full flow to his ideas and his hand; he must not crawl, nor be too slow; he must be expeditious, but not too rapid, or careless; he must dispose his lines with grace, delicacy, or swelling. He has the power to make every line express an idea; and

if he make lines, or a line without language, he betrays his weakness, and Acrography does not flatter. When he considers his design finished, the acrographer, who requires no manipulations depending on personal skill, or depending on changeableness of operation, produces the design in relief in shape of a metal plate, and the result shows that there has been neither copying nor altering.

"The designer commences his work by drawing with a point, &c., on almost any material; but nothing can be used or worked more economically and easily than a common lithographic stone. Its surface being prepared and coloured, the designer draws with a tool made for the purpose, and as easily, as if he used a lead pencil, and on paper; he alters and corrects at pleasure. The designer delivers the drawing made on the block to the acrographer, who, without addition, diminution, or alteration, makes the subject in metallic relief fit for the letter-press printing."

It must be remembered, however, that the invention is yet in its infancy; possibly the next part of the published work may manifest a great improvement. Meanwhile, it is evident that the process may be so applied as to illustrate books very cheaply—for here we have 250 pages, with about 100 prints, in a neat binding, for the sum of six shillings.

THE RHINE, ITALY, AND GREECE. Illustrated in a series of views from Drawings taken on the spot. By W. L. LEITCH, Esq., COL. COCKBURN, and MAJOR IRTON. Parts I., II., and III. Publishers, Fisher and Co.

This work is on the plan of Messrs. Fishers' publications, descriptive of Constantinople, Ireland, &c. It is issued in monthly parts, cheap, and yet good; for the prints are without exception well engraved, and some of them may rank high as examples of the art. Each part contains four, and with descriptive letter-press, for the sum of two shillings. Among the illustrations those of Mr. Leitch are pre-eminent; indeed the three first parts contain few that are not the productions of his pencil.

THE ORIGIN, PROGRESS, AND PRESENT CONDITION OF THE FINE ARTS IN GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND. By W. B. SARSFIELD TAYLOR. 2 vols. London: Whittaker, 1841.

Demand generally precedes supply; we may, therefore, regard this as another of those proofs, now frequently furnished by the press, of the increasing estimation of the Fine Arts in this kingdom. As there is no saying how soon the latent spark may be kindled, how quickly and how widely the self-gratifying love of Art may be enlarged into a generous desire to foster such ample means of national refinement, we rejoice in every emanation of a literary character calculated to lend aid in the achievement of such results. Collection of facts, enthusiasm, eloquence, each may take their share in directing the thoughts of men to this noble branch of intellectual exertion; and whether a work excel in all these, or be wanting in part, we welcome it as another labourer in the same good cause.

"The aim of the author," in the volumes under consideration, "being to place before the public all the authentic facts he could collect, for the purpose of enabling every one to judge, whether the Artists of the United Kingdom really have done all that they might have effected to advance the arts, according to the degree of encouragement they may have received; he now resigns the decision of the question to those for whose information the work has been composed, merely observing, that his intention was to produce a record rather useful than ornamental, which would secure the memorials of certain facts important and interesting to the Arts and to Artists; but which, not being embodied in a tangible form, were gradually fading from the public mind." The scope proposed is evidently a large one, which the works of Edwards, Dr. Waagen, and others, have, in some measure, anticipated; but we will give Mr. Taylor the credit of having made the

most complete collection of memoranda connected with the progress of Art in Great Britain, that has yet been placed before us. It might be wished, however, that in making this record Mr. Taylor had either adhered closely to the simple recognition of facts, or that in the disquisitions under which the pages now and then labour, he had succeeded in making his style somewhat more "ornamental."

A book of this order should evidently be either an unvarnished catalogue of circumstances, or if this bound be overstepped, should be rendered pre-eminently "readable." In this latter quality the work before us certainly does not shine. In the midst of positive information for which the mind is seeking, it is unpleasant to be interrupted by a course of reflections, so manifest as to bear the character of truisms, or dressed in language which deviates generally from the didactic and flat to the stiff and inflated. We do not scruple to ascribe this error of judgment and manner to the author of the present work, an error which we notice, because it interferes with the best object of the book, while tending necessarily to increase its bulk; for it seems probable, that a judicious clipping of the sentences and restraint of the discursive tendency, would have condensed an equal body of information into one moderate volume.

Having alluded to this drawback, we have pleasure in stating, that the work possesses merits that will entitle it to a good reception from the public. The aim of the observations is in the right direction, and there is every indication of good feeling on the part of the author.

AN INTRODUCTORY LECTURE, delivered at King's College, London, Jan. 25th, 1841, and addressed to the Class of Civil Engineering and Architecture, by WILLIAM HOSKING, F.S.A. Weale, London.

The appointment of a professor of the art of construction in connexion with civil engineering and architecture in King's College, may be regarded as certain to produce much good, and must be gratifying to all interested in these pursuits or properly impressed with a sense of their importance. Mr. Hosking, to whom the professorship has been given, is eminently fitted by his practical knowledge as well as by his acknowledged literary talents, for the duties of the position; and we look therefore with great hopes for the result of his labours. Nevertheless, as Mr. Hosking says in the introductory lecture, which we now cordially recommend to our readers, "In promising you information and instruction that will be useful to you in the pursuit of your professions respectively, we must beg to be understood not to promise to qualify you here to practice as architects or civil engineers. We offer you information whereby you may become qualified to avail yourselves most effectually of the practice of the engineer's or architect's office, and thereby to become better architects and better engineers to your own confidence, comfort, and advantage, and for the advantage of society, to whom your services will be hereafter offered, than you would have been without such instruction and information as we offer. The medical student comes here versed in pharmacy and in the simpler surgical operations, and he finds his field of study and practice complete between the lecture and the dissecting rooms of the college, and the wards and the operating theatre of the hospital; but to you who come to us unskilled in carpentry and masonry, the pharmacy and surgery of your professions, we have the deficiency to supply as well as to teach the science which those humbler arts aid you in applying; but your hospital must be walked in mud boots, and your operating theatre found on the stage of the carpenter and on the scaffold of the mason and bricklayer." We trust that before long we shall also have professors of architecture as a FINE ART, exponents of the principles of beauty, at all our universities.

[We have in type several reviews of new works and engravings—the publication of which we are compelled to postpone.]

#### TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Various arguments, with which it cannot be necessary to trouble our Subscribers, have induced us to change our day of publication from the 15th to the 1st day of each month; our principal reason, however, is, that we shall thus ensure the punctual delivery of the paper; for many copies go through the booksellers, who forget altogether that a periodical work is issued in the middle of the month, and seldom procure it until the other monthly works make their appearance.

We have, therefore, to announce that No. 28 of

THE ART-UNION

WILL BE PUBLISHED ON THE

FIRST OF JUNE,

and that the work will in future be issued on the FIRST day of each month.

The Secretary of "The Society of British Artists" having taken umbrage at our remarks last month, has been silly enough to write to our publishers, desiring to know "whether the article in question was read and approved of by them previous to its insertion in the publication referred to." We must inform this very juvenile gentleman (for he must be very young in experience), that we should as soon think of consulting the Khan of Tartary as our publishers concerning the opinions we thought fit to put forth in our publication. When the Secretary's letter was handed to us, we considered it a forgery; but we have since learned that, in a lecture delivered by him in Suffolk-street, upon some subject or other, he honoured us publicly with his abuse—beginning with "a heavy blow" at the Royal Academy, and closing with a "great discouragement" to ourselves. We did not learn, however, that the official said a word concerning the *Times*, the *Literary Gazette*, the *Spectator*, and the other public journals, that with far less charity and more severity, described the Society, of which this gentleman is the writing organ—a "secretary at war" as well as "at home." In censuring certain arrangements of the Society of British Artists, we know well enough that they emanate from a few, whose "most sweet voices" have overwhelmed the murmurs of its older and more respectable members, and who, like the starling in Sterne's story, "can't get out."

W. D.—We regret there should have been any mistake about "the Index" to the volume of the 'ART-UNION' for 1840. It was published with the number for January 1841; we found it impossible to get it ready with the December number, as it necessarily included the contents of that number.

"The Royal Hibernian Academy" will open this day. To the Irish Art-Union we shall direct attention in our next; it is progressing most favourably. We shall, at the same time, notice the project at Cork.

A Correspondent complains strongly of heterogeneous mixture of classes at the gas-light meetings of the British Institution, and that the original purpose of these "Evenings" has been completely frustrated by the admissions of persons who go there merely to stare at their betters. There is no doubt that the design was to bring artists and amateurs (the patrons of art more especially), into immediate and social contact. We shall look into this matter another year.

We must postpone till next month the insertion of a communication from Bristol.

We have forwarded the article on Encaustic Painting to the party who required information.

A Foreign Admirer of Engraving in our next.

We are also compelled to postpone inserting the communications from Birmingham and Manchester.

S. T. may be assured that his information is altogether erroneous. It is quite impossible. It regards a charge advanced against the Porters at the Royal Academy; we should not have named it but that we have just received another letter on the same subject; we shall make due enquiries before we again publish.

The information from Plymouth came too late to be available; we shall give it next month.

The obituary of Mr. Thomas Grundy was also received too late for our present number.

Several "Letters" are in type, the publication of which we trust our correspondents will permit us to postpone.

The letter from "Edinburgh" would occupy too much space to justify its publication. We agree with the writer in many of his remarks.

Reviews of several new publications are in type; but we have found it impossible this month to make room for them.

Although we do not publish his letter, we perfectly agree with our correspondent who protests against the misdirection too often received from criticism. He will perceive, perhaps, that, on the whole, it would be wiser not to print it.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.—We think it necessary—as we have not been honoured with an advertisement (as other papers have been), from the Royal Academy—to inform our readers that it is

"OPEN DAILY"

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22, GOLDEN SQUARE, 12th May, 1841.

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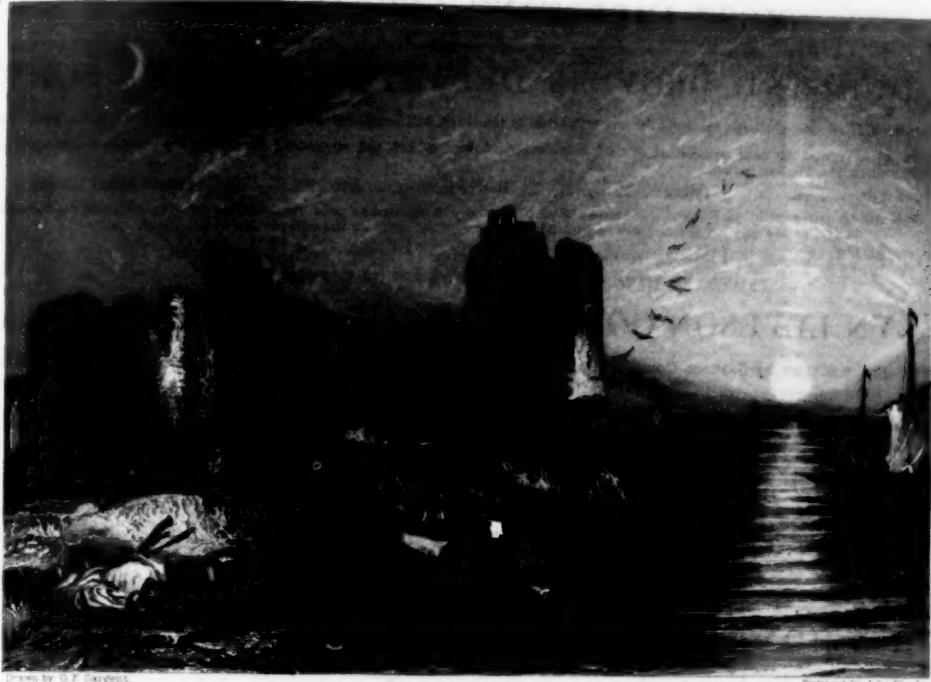
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